THE BYSTANDER NOV. 28-1930

XMAS № VOL. CVIII–№ 1406

the BYSTANDER

christmas number

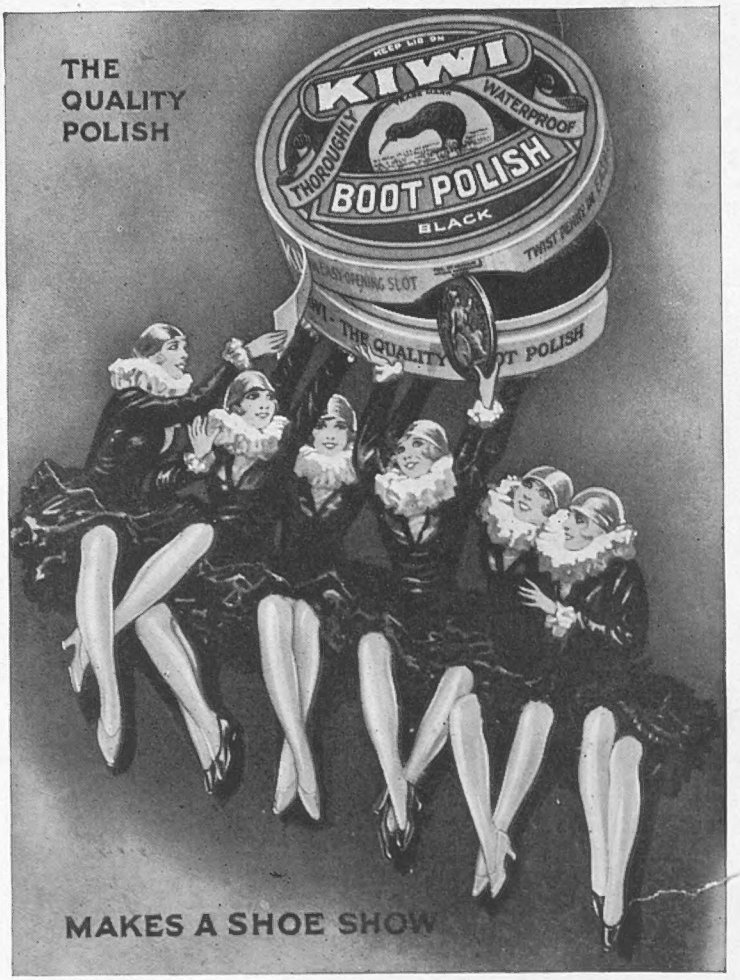
2/-

"CONWAY"

THE above illustrates the ever-popular "Folder," waterproof and extremely light in weight ; it makes an ideal riding or country hat. Fawns, Browns, Grey, Black, Navy, White. 6½, 6¾, 7, 7¼. Price 30/-

SCOTTS LTD., 1 Old Bond St., W.1

Telephone : Regent 1408. *Telegrams : "Scotoma, London."*



MARTINI

ITALIAN

Vermouth

The Vermouth from which the "Martini Cocktail" derives its name.

THE WORLD RENOWNED

Brand

From all Wine Merchants

The First Cocktail—

The MARTINI

⅔ Martini Vermouth

⅓ Dry Gin

1 Dash Orange Bitter

Squeeze of Lemon peel

MARTINI & ROSSI

TORINO - - ITALY

I haven't touched it since morning

There is no need to! Just a little Anzora in the morning and the glossy neatness remains throughout the day.

Being British and originally the finest hair fixative, it still remains unequalled. Refuse all substitutes.

Anzora Perfumery Co. Ltd., London, N.W.6

Use Anzora Cream for greasy scalps. Anzora Viola is for dry scalps. Sold in **1/6** and **2/6** (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

ANZORA

MASTERS THE HAIR

CHRISTMAS NO. TWO SHILLINGS.

the BYSTANDER

The Bystander, Nov. 28, 1930. Vol. CVIII. No. 1406a

BY BARRIBAL

ARMING FOR THE FRAY

Best Loved of Christmas Gifts—

By Appointment
to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

In all the world, you will find no other gift more sure of appreciation. Alike for gay youth and gracious age, the clean fresh fragrance of the lovable Yardley Lavender is exquisite and has been cherished for generations. This Christmas, Give Lavender, the Lovable Fragrance.

Sprinkler Top bottles from 2/6 to 16/6—Fancy Stoppered bottles from 6/9 to 70/-—Old English Lavender Soap, 'The Luxury Soap of the World,' in boxes of three tablets 2/6—Face Powder 1/9—English Complexion Cream 3/-—Talcum Powder 1/2—Bath Salts 2/6—etc. GIFT CASES in great variety from 2/6 to 18/9.
Also Gift Cases for Men

Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs & Stores

YARDLEY • 33 Old Bond Street • LONDON

BY JOHN HASSALL

"YOU AND I WILL SEE HIM DINE"

An episode from the story of Good King Wenceslas, who is immortalised in the Christmas carol of that ilk

BY LAWSON WOOD

A SCOTTISH LULLABY

TCHOTL

By STELLA BENSON

Illustrated by HENDY

"Whenever he moved he was followed about by incredulous crowds"

"Americans think Internationally in terms of Uplift—Humanity—Idealism . . . wherever you see an American you may be sure he's got Ideals somewhere back of those horn-rimmed goggles of his." That is the key to this story by Miss Stella Benson, related in a vein of gentle satire

NIELSEN, when he first caught sight of the white topee gliding along the lower limit of his range of vision, thought, here was a fellow-foreigner coming to see him. This would have been very surprising, for, as far as he knew, the Chinese city of Lao-pao was exclusively filled with Chinese; he was himself the only exception. He knew this to his cost, for whenever he moved he was followed about by incredulous crowds, as though time were turned round and he were a kind of dinosaurus of to-morrow, surviving into yesterday. As soon as the visitor reached the steps, however, Nielsen saw that the cleanness of the topee had deceived him; this was simply the kind of visitor that one might expect in Lao-pao—a young Chinese of the business class. Nielsen, who came from Minnesota, was a person of callow friendliness, and he immediately rolled his fat legs from the long chair on which he lay, to greet the guest, a light of alacrity shining in his large, hungry, protruding eyes.

"The face of the newcomer belied the complacency of the perfect topee"

The face of the newcomer belied the complacency of the perfect topee; it was a melancholy face; its bones seemed to be set at melancholy angles, although—since the face was Chinese—there were no wrinkles to plough furrows of superficial disillusionment.

"You must think me very unconventional," said the visitor humbly, "but I hope when I acquaint the circumstances, you will excuse me for paying call on you without introduction. My name is Chin Yu-ting; my profession is a bank clerk." He looked at Neilsen as though he expected to be thrown down the steps at once. But Nielsen was unaffectedly delighted to see anyone, anywhere, in any circumstances. Nielsen always had a great deal to say, and usually no one to say it to. Repressive years of solitude mellowed this bottled-up, fermented wine of words within him, and the result, when the cork was finally drawn, was a generous outpouring of nectar, to which any one was welcome, simply for the asking. No slip was allowed to intervene betwist this cup and any proffered lip; sometimes he even splashed a few drops of brimming superfluous idealism on to his patient Chinese servants, or into letters on Moral or Social Problems which he wrote to the Shanghai papers. He did not much repine if his

(All rights strictly reserved)

"The famous founders, Trent C. Howells and Oscar T. Lambie

generosity was only acknowledged by half-wits, scoffers, and buffoons. An arid desert, he knew, absorbs a few priceless drops of water without apparent advantage; yet, fundamentally, ideals were good for everyone—were never really wasted. Nielsen believed that he was a person who thought in wide terms and was interested in Nation-wide Problems. The pressure of his widening horizon, he felt, had burst the limits of the moral panorama seen from Jenkinsville, Minnesota, where he was born and raised. Even the city of Minneapolis, he often thought, would seem provincial to him now that he had seen Manila and Shanghai, and had learned to take for granted such quaint facts as that everyone around him spoke Chinese and rode in rickshas instead of Fords. Nielsen now prided himself on being no Middle Western hick; he despised men who had no ideals—who talked of nothing but money, drink, women and food. He himself was, of course, no expert on any of these matters.

"I am very happy indeed to make your acquaintance, Mr. Chin," said Nielsen. "I don't know why you should apologise for calling, I'm sure. I'm an American, you know, and Americans despise forms and ceremonies." For the inorganic principles injected by his Jenkinsville education were still embedded in encysted cells in Nielsen's mind, just as the bullets from old wars remain lodged in the body. Schooling in Jenkinsville was not a matter of teaching-to-think—it was simply *teaching*. There were about twenty-six persons in Jenkinsville—all those of his classmates, in fact, who enjoyed the full use of their wits—who had *exactly* the same mind as Nielsen to this day—even though the schoolmistress who had modelled their common mind had been mercifully lost to them all for fifteen years. Democratic education is an incurable affliction; it informs once and for all.

"I will now tell you," said Chin Yu-ting, "why I have taken this liberty. Oh, Mr. Nielsen, there has been very great joy in my heart to hear that you—an English-speaking gentleman—has come to live at Lao-pao. For three years I live in this place with a lonely heart. I am from Peking, a student of Y—— Mission College; I cannot freely talk the Cantonese language which is here the custom. All the time I long earnestly that some one shall come to Lao-pao speaking either the language of England or of Peking freely, with whom I can discuss the modern developments in comparative theologies—my favourite study. French priests come to Lao-pao—I am speaking no French. German mining engineers also come—but I am not understanding any German. An Italian explorer going to Tibet—a Russian ex-nobleman fleeing from Bolsheviks—I am not able to speak with them one word. My heart is always alone as though my lips have been dumb—my ears deaf. Then I hear that an American is coming here to open an agency of the Union Oils, and so my heart is very happy, for though I do not know America and cannot discuss American matters——"

HERE, Nielsen saw at once, was a thirsty soul for some of his Ideals. "Why, Mr. Chin," he said, "you've got us Americans quite wrong. You don't have to discuss American matters with Americans. I don't know how it is with folks snared in the cloying traditions of the Old World, but Americans are always Citizens of the World. Americans think Internationally, in terms of Uplift—Humanity—Idealism. . Wherever you see an American you may be sure he's got Ideals somewhere back of those horn-rimmed goggles of his. I can tell you right now, if you and me are going to get together, it won't be to discuss trivial little hometown gossip about material facts—it'll be to compare notes about the Great Things of Life. Americans feel the urge to get to Soul-grips with the Universe. Comparative Theology, I'll admit, is not much in my line—theology, and all the other ologies and osophies, I leave to your half-baked, narrow-minded professors who can't see outside their own classrooms. I've worked out a religion and a philosophy of my own, Mr. Chin, a very simple one, and its slogan is, Be *Your* Best Self and Help the Next Guy to be *His*. Humanity's *my* theology—it's *Soul* that counts, and the Purpose behind the Soul. Man is the master of—do you know those beautiful lines by one of our American poets?"

"Yes," said Mr. Chin, hastily but without irony. "I know them, of course. They are written by the late William Ernest Henley, a noted English author, I believe."

"I am the Master of my Fate," chanted Nielsen, who was not to be baulked of his quotation,—and Chin Yu-ting joined in the chorus—"I am the Captain of My Soul." They both looked very masterful and captain-like for a minute.

"Strictly speaking," said Chin Yu-ting, "such beliefs, though very noble, are not to be labelled Theologies. I am myself interested in——"

"Ah, but Americans don't deal in labels," said the infatuated Nielsen. "Americans think for themselves, regardless of the labels the effete so-called thinkers of the Old World have tied on to——"

"How interesting it is discussing the matters of the mind in this animated manner," said Mr. Chin with a self-conscious laugh. "I feel refreshed already, like a camel that has trodden a long distance across a desert before meeting with an oasis. For indeed, Mr. Nielsen, to see interesting men—perhaps men who could improve my acquaintance-

"Americans are always Citizens of the World. Americans think Internation... Soul-grip...

ship with the comparative theologies—passing through Lao-pao, and yet, having no mutual language, being not able to exchange any word—has often reminded me of the beautiful words of another English poet—namely, S. T. Coleridge—'Water, water everywhere—and not a spot to drink.' I have often thought——"

"There you touch on one of my pet Ideals," shouted Nielsen. "I believe I can help you there. I believe our meeting is going to have Results—is going to strike a spark, as human meetings ought to do. We have met with a Purpose, Mr. Chin, I sensed it from the start. Now listen, didn't you ever hear about Universal Languages? Universal Language is a study of mine as it ought to be the study of every thinking man who cares about Human Brotherhood. Now listen——"

s of Uplift—Humanity—Idealism . . . Americans feel the urge to get to iverse

"I learned English," said Mr. Chin, "due to being told that it was itself the univ——"

"You've heard of Tchotl, I guess," said Nielsen.

The current of Chin Yu-ting's protest evaporated suddenly, leaving one distilled monosyllable. "No," he said weakly.

"Mrs. Zinnia Putney Wicketts, whose eloquence is inspiring an animated interest in Tchotl"

"I WONDER you never heard of Tchotl," said Nielsen, slightly checked in his turn. "I was going to say, I may be a very undistinguished sort of guy in many ways, Mr. Chin, but I have this distinction—and I'm proud of it—that I was raised in that great little city, Jenkinsville, in Minnesota—where Tchotl originated that I was in on the start of that Superlatively World-wide Movement, and that its famous founders, Trent C. Howells and Oscar T. Lambie, are personal friends of mine. Furthermore——"

"I have warned you in the beginning that I am ignorant of American matters, Mr. Nielsen," said Mr. Chin. "Most certainly I am unfortunate in having no knowledge of——"

"Tchotl is emphatically *not* an American matter. The very essence of Tchotl is its flaming universality. Tchotl is the Real World Language. Its name, you will notice, is an ingenious combination of the initials of its inventors, Trent Carlos Howells and Oscar Tetworth Lambie—and it is my firm belief that the day will come when the names of those two men will be written in letters of gold side by side with the names of Moses, Thomas à Becket, Emerson, Confucius, George Washington, Homer, Mary Baker Eddy, Shakespeare, and other World Regenerators. Tchotl is a——"

"But do many persons really——"

"Tchotl is a superlative brotherhood of World Thinkers; it has an agent—or exponent—or apostle—call it what you will—in every country in the world. Would you believe it, Mr. Chin, when I last heard from old Tet (that's O. T. Lambie), he told me that Tchotl has even secured a footing in the quaint little European state of Montenegro, as a result of a most fruitful tour of Europe by a young Jenkinsville matron called Mrs. Zinnia Putney Wicketts, whose eloquence is inspiring an animated interest in Tchotl wherever she goes——"

"But could a Tchotl-speaker, for instance, in Lao-pao be sure of——"

"The reason why Tchotl has such an instant universal appeal is because the underlying idea is so superlatively simple; a child can grasp it as easily as can the hoary-headed professor. There are no words longer than one syllable in Tchotl, and no consonant or vowel sounds are used that are not common to all world languages. Furthermore—and here is the genuine stunning originality of Tchotl, Mr. Chin—not only the lips are used in speaking, but also the fingers. For instance—*Ta*, one of the key syllables, meaning anything alive. . . *Ta*, if I hold up one finger, means *man*—two fingers, a non-human mammal—three, a bird of some kind—and so forth. Now if——"

"But if you also erected the thumb?" asked Chin Yu-ting, his eyes almost leaning out of his head.

"Ah well, there you come to the lesser saurians, as far as I can recall without the textbook," said Mr. Nielsen in slight confusion. "I don't pretend to be word-perfect in the language, though, of course, I'm studying it in my spare time. I have a spare textbook in my bureau upstairs and I'd be tickled pink, Mr. Chin, to enrol you as a member and pupil. I could give you your first few lessons, and then sell you the primer—it only costs five dollars gold and the proceeds all go to the disseminating of the superlative Gospel of World Understanding—and you'd have the satisfaction of being the dean of Tchotl-speakers in Lao-pao—this sleepy little burg's first member of the vastest World Movement of our day."

"It is indeed an extremely impressing thought," said

Chin Yu-ting, "to soar over all the barriers of language at one jumping. To be so conveniently in touch with the universe—this would be well worth five dollars gold (thirteen dollars twenty cents of Lao-pao money). How long time do you think will be needful to make a perfect Tchotl speaker of me—able (for instance) to discuss (for instance) comparative theologies with a Tchotl professor from (for instance) Montenegro?"

"Three months' intensive study should be ample. I remember old Tet telling me that his best student—a Christian Science practitioner in Jenkinsville—mastered the elements in three lessons, and by the end of the second week could chatter Tchotl like a native—I mean like a World Citizen—but, of course, that is exceptional. My dear friend, I'm proud to see you so enthused—I'm proud to think I have the honour to be your teacher of Tchotl—as a friend, mind you, Mr. Chin—purely as a friend—there's to be no question of a teacher's fee, of course, between friends like you and I. Five dollars gold for the textbook—that's all Tchotl's going to cost you—and cheap it is at the price—a small price for the right of entry into a Universal Brotherhood—an insurance, as Trent Howells always says, against the soul-wastage involved in petty nationalism and——"

CHIN YU-TING could hardly contain his enthusiasm. "Let me see this book at earliest convenience, Mr. Nielsen. Let me now repeat my first lesson."

"I'll bring the book right down," said Nielsen.

As he passed through the hall on his way upstairs, he noticed that the mail had come, and, forgetting for a moment his ardent pupil, he hung over the tempting-looking heap of letters and papers—the exile's bread of life. He opened one of the home newspapers—the *Jenkinsville Morning Examiner*—and skimmed the headlines with a hungry eye as he walked slowly upstairs.

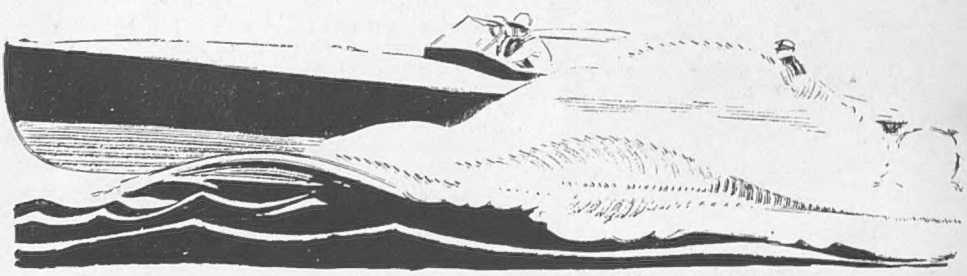
"Howells Bonnet Houses New Bee" murmured a chatty minor headline in the "Home-folks at Home" column.

"Trent C. Howells and his co-dreamer Oscar Tetworth Lambie, admitted to-day that their World Language has proved a flop. Trent, interviewed this morning, faced the death of his World-dream with a laugh like the good sport he is. 'No doubt about it,' he confessed frankly. 'Our roll of members shrank alarmingly—especially after Mrs. Zinnia P. Wicketts, our former silver-tongued booster, lost interest in it and took up with the study of Byzantine architecture instead. Three thousand nine hundred and twelve language professors, social reformers and elocution wizards failed to reply to our questionnaire that we mailed all over the world six months ago in order to boost Tchotl—and only nine textbooks have been sold—not counting eight hundred and sixty that we distributed free—a daring ad. which provoked no response whatever. Tet (Oscar T. Lambie) and myself still claim we were on to a whale of a notion in inventing Tchotl—but the world's not educated up to a Big Thing like that is, and the dead weight of effete Europe has been thrown into the scales against us—we have proof of that. It's all part of the conspiracy of a sinister aristocratic tradition against free enlightened democracy. No good flogging a dead horse, however, and Tet and I know when we're whipped. We've just got to quit. But we should worry; we've got a new scheme that just can't fail to usher in a new economic era. I don't want to talk a whole lot about it right now, but I'll ask you this much—did you ever think why it is that we hand out huge sums all round for foodstuffs—importing fish here—exporting wheat there—canning asparagus here—wearing out our fists pulling milk out of cows there—while all the time right here under our shoe-soles all of us has got——' But right there Trent caught my eager optic and stopped short. 'No, sir,' he laughed. 'You aren't going to pry the secret out of me till the time comes. The world will know all about it soon enough when the details are perfected. It's a swell scheme, though, you can take it from me, and, economically speaking, it's the biggest thing ever. Tet and me are working night and day to give it a running start. Tchotl, after all, was *words*—this new scheme is *deeds*. . . ."

NIELSEN only ceased reading long enough to allow him to take the Tchotl textbook from a drawer in his desk; the impetus of his errand carried him so far before he paused to consider the effect of what he had read upon his triumphant act of salesmanship. Still considering the newspaper he walked slowly downstairs. He stood for a moment at the door of the sitting-room. For a second his dim imagination showed, as though on a badly lighted stage, an impossible scene, the cue for which was, "See here, Mr. Chin, I want you to read this. I take back all I said . . . ." Take back? To recall spoken ideals from the flattered air—to roll up and put dustily away rosy festoons of words—to turn tamely and retrace his steps to the beginning of that resilient path of words—above all, to unsell something successfully sold—every instinct revolted against such inconceivable tasks. Words were Nielsen's mark upon the air—nothing must erase the fine bright signature of his words from the air. Words were seeds sown in the soft tilled minds of listeners—was it not treachery to the soil to uproot the springing crops—treachery to the soil—betrayal of the sower—aye, and blasphemy against the Lord of the Manor Himself! Was not the whole duty of man to Put Things Across? Nielsen lifted up his face to the Salesman's God and knew that his duty was loyalty to the Successful Deal. He entered the room. Mr. Chin, his appetite for immediate universal brotherhood whetted by the delay, came to meet him, with a hand outstretched for the book.

"By opening this book," said Chin Yu-ting solemnly, "I think I open simultaneously a doorway into the world society. Behind this metaphorical door I think many thousands of world brothers stand ready to cry—in the Tchotl tongue—Welcome, brother Chin. Formerly I have been made deaf and dumb by the disease of national language, but now for ever through the future years I shall be freed from this affliction, and to every newcomer at Lao-pao I can stretch out the hand of freedom and exclaim in Tchotl—Welcome, brother—open to me your thoughts and I shall open mine. . . ."

Nielsen hesitated only long enough to drop the newspaper into the waste paper basket. "I'll tell the world you're right, brother," he said. S. B.



BY A. R. CANE

"What's the matter with the lion-tamer?"
"He's got so swelled up over his Press notices that now he can't get his head in the lion's mouth"

INTERLUDE IN BLOOMSBURY

BY D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

"His hostess was standing tightly locked in the embrace of a young man with a scarlet beard"

A DANK fragrance of trees dripping in the late December drizzle filled the nostrils of William Gibbs as the taxi turned off Southampton Row and dived into the recesses of Bloomsbury. Outside a tall, dark house in a wide square it stopped. The windows of the top floor were open and glowing, and from them drifted a confusion of noises—a loud babble of talk, and a braying gramophone, and at short intervals a high-pitched laugh. The hall door was open. William Gibbs dismissed his taxi and groped his way upstairs in the darkness. At the top of the last flight he stumbled into a yellow-washed room lit by candles, in which his hostess was standing, tightly locked in the embrace of a young man with a scarlet beard.

"Hullo, hell-pig," said his hostess, disengaging herself with easy grace.

"Hullo," said William, a little coldly. She gazed at him with a slightly puzzled expression, her lovely eyebrows raised. In the candle-light her golden hair was an aureole. The young man with the scarlet beard lit a cigarette and contemplated them both with a pensive air. William coughed.

"You *did* say to-night?" he said.

"Rather," said his hostess. Her eyebrows were sincerely asking questions. She evidently did not know William from the Dalai Lama. William felt a sudden wave of vague annoyance sweep over him, for only a week before, at another party in Bloomsbury, he had held her in his arms himself, and the most passionate vows had been exchanged by both. Now she did not remember him. But he could see she was honestly trying.

Illustrations by
RIDGEWELL

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Anyhow," she said, after a pause, "have a drink." She led the way along a yellow passage with Matisse drawings stuck on the walls with drawing-pins into a low room, lighted by two tall candles, in which there was a long table covered with bottles, for the most part empty.

"Most of it," she said, inspecting the wreckage, "has been hogged by the foul intelligentsia. You might find a spot of hock over there, if you like hock. Soda here. Yes? No?"

She mixed William some kind of a drink and smiled on him with her perfect eyes and mouth.

"And now, just who are you?" she asked.

"William Gibbs," said William. "I trust," he added stiffly, "I didn't butt——"

"Not a bit," she assured him. "And what do you want to do? I don't advise the other room. The intelligentsia are playing games. They'll make you sick, probably. You'd better stay here and talk to me. Tell me all about yourself, who you are, and what your plans are and what not. Get some cushions."

WILLIAM collected an armful of cushions and strewed them at her gesture on the floor. She sank down on them with a sigh. William, with a certain dignity, lowered himself to her side.

"You know perfectly well who I am," he said shortly.

"Do I?"

"Last Tuesday night you said you adored me."

"Was that you?"

There was no mistaking the honesty of her wide-open violet eyes.

"Yes," said William doggedly, "it was me."

"In that case you are probably right: I did adore you. And now what?"

"Nothing, except that we were going away together this week. I came to-night to see if you were ready and packed, and all that." His voice was sulky.

She uttered a light exclamation and clapped her hands. Down the passage a door opened, letting out a muffled roaring like the Zoo, and a tall, pale man came out with a pretty girl in horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Hoi!" called William's hostess. "Dognose! Peter!"

At her hail the tall man and his companion danced down the passage arm-in-arm and stood in the open doorway.

"This," said William's hostess, "is William Something. I told you I was going away for ever with somebody soon. This is him."

"*He,*" corrected the tall, pale man irritably.

"This," she said to William, "is my husband."

"Always the damn little pedant," said the girl in horn-rimmed spectacles tenderly, standing on tiptoe to stroke the tall man's hair. The tall man nodded amicably to William.

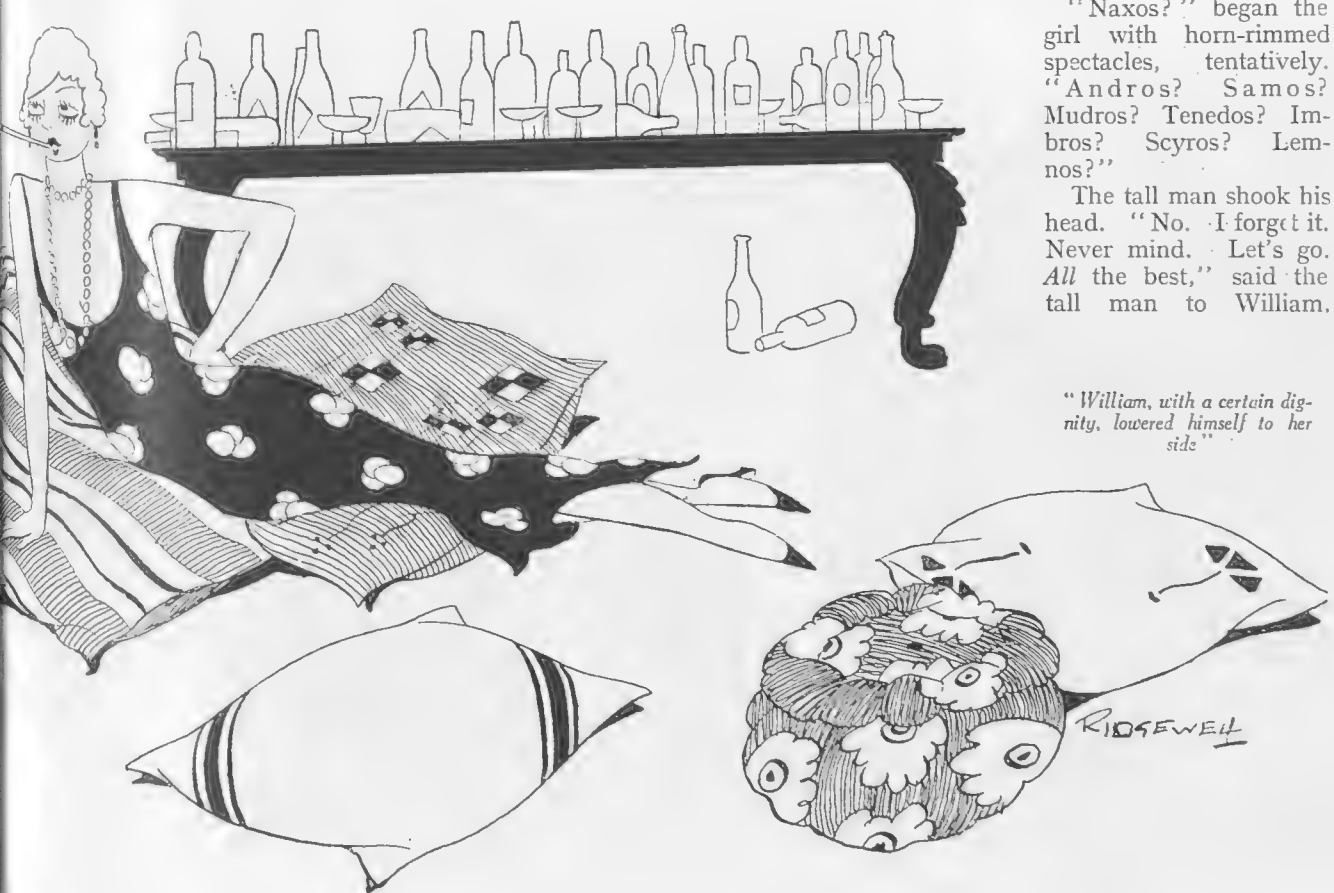
"You'll have one hell of a time," he said. "One hell of a time, William Something, is just what you won't have nothing else but, believe me. When do you go?"

"I've no idea," said William, shortly. It seemed to him that the man Peter, husband to the girl Una, was taking the breaking-up of his home too smoothly. It did not seem to him, William, decent that a man should undervalue the loss of his wife in such a manner. It seemed to him, William, that Continental methods were abroad. Deep down in the breast of every clean, manly Englishman, and existing co-equally with his belief in first-class cricket, is a conviction that when he runs away with a woman her husband should not betray bad taste. William therefore frowned and gave the man Peter a stony glare. The man Peter instantly divined the cause of William's displeasure.

"Sorry," he said. "There are a lot of foreigners about. I've been mixing with them. This party is crawling with foreigners, including about three accredited diplomatic representatives, at least, of one of the isles of Greece—I forget which. Recite 'The Isles of Greece,' you." He jogged the girl with horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Naxos?" began the girl with horn-rimmed spectacles, tentatively. "Andros? Samos? Mudros? Tenedos? Imbros? Scyros? Lemnos?"

The tall man shook his head. "No. I forget it. Never mind. Let's go. *All* the best," said the tall man to William.



"William, with a certain dignity, lowered himself to her side"

"'Like to hear me croon?' she said abruptly"

"and don't forget I warned you. Come, you."

His hostess waved and lit a cigarette. As William gazed down the passage after them the man Peter turned suddenly as if he had forgotten something, and came back.

"Hoi," he said to his wife. "I've just remembered something. You shouldn't go, perhaps."

"Why?" She opened her eyes.

"The Child," said the tall man significantly, and went, closing the door behind him. For a moment the girl Una and William stared blankly at each other. As they did so the door opened again and her husband thrust in his head.

"Forgive," he said in a whisper. "Forgive my appeal to the cruder emotions. Happily nobody overhears. This," he said to William, pointing a long finger at his wife, "is a British mother. We keep these *canailleries* as dark as possible in Bloomsbury, but I feel somehow you are a friend. At this moment, in another room, her off-spring is probably chuckling in its little pink bed over a nursery edition of Kraft-Ebbing which a secret sympathiser presented it with for Christmas. She often steals out and demonstrates over this child the most primary suburban emotions, telling it stories from Barrie and Freud and singing little whimsy songs by Gide and Havelock Ellis. For God's sake tell nobody. I tell *you* only because——" His long fingers described an arabesque in the air. He nodded twice gravely and vanished, closing the door softly behind him. There was a silence.

"Is this true?" asked William in a strained voice.

The girl beside him nodded.

"It is, you big stiff," she said between clenched teeth. "Now you know. And *now*," she said, leaping to her feet, "are you going to run away with a British mother?"

William bit his lip.

"Why not?" he said doggedly.

She dragged him to his feet. "Come on," she said, opening the door. At the farther end of the passage she opened another door. Treading stealthily she entered, leading William by the hand. By a small pink bed at the end of the room she paused.

"Like to hear me croon?" she said abruptly.

William shook his head.

"Like to see a British Motherhood demonstration?" she suggested eagerly. "*Do* say you would! I'm pretty hot at it, really."

William shook his head distastefully.

"No, you *wouldn't*," she said. "You lascivious, non-productive hell-hound," she added.

Pause.

"At least," she said, "you'd probably like to see me leaning over my innocent child with maternal what's-its in my eyes?"

"I think," answered William, "I'll just be going."

"As you like," she said with a sigh. She led him out by the hand into the passage. A young man with a short black beard was leaning against the wall, dreamily contemplating the smoke of his cigarette through half-closed eyes.

"Darling!" he said, taking William's hostess into his arms.

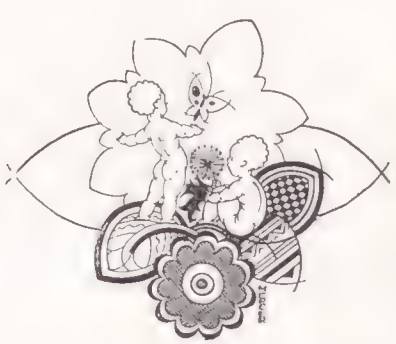
"Darling!" said William's hostess in a muffled tone from the depths of a passionate embrace.

"Good-night," said William. His voice was icy.

"Good-night," said William's hostess, tightening the clasp of her white arms round the neck of the young man with the black beard. "And next time you tempt a woman," she added severely, half turning, "make sure the rosy fingers of a sleeping child are not entwined round her mother's heart, or what not, you snake!"

"Rosy bags of marbles!" said William passionately. He stumbled down the stairs in the darkness, twisted his ankle, and fell out into Bloomsbury. It was raining.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis.



PANDORA AND HER BOX

Pandora, made by Vulcan out of clay,
And brought to life at Jupiter's command,
First of her sex by Man to take her stand
And make the world more troubled—and more gay,
Was not unlike Pandora of To-day
Whose heart is still enraptured by the sight
Of jewels glinting with a magic light
Which drives all mundane cares and fears away.

So, for Pandora's sake, Man gladly toils
To win for her those gleaming, glinting spoils
For which she longs and which she'll ever prize,
And as he heaps her box with ropes that twine,
With amber beads and rubies red as wine,
He reads the thanks that speak from shining eyes.

Bard.

BY [illegible]

PANDORA AND HER BOX

Making a man of him.

BIRDS

CUSTARD

is so nutritious

BY F. S. MAY

ILLUSION

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M.
THE LATE QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Exclusive Christmas Gifts

Turnbull & Asser Ltd.

71-72, Jermyn Street,
London, S.W.1.

Telegrams:
"Paddywhack, Piccy, London."

Telephones:
Gerrard 4631-4632.

MURDER

By STORM JAMESON

Even though a murdered man was a revolting, squalid old miser, the police must act, and Scotland Yard sent down to Dorsetshire a detective to help the local police in their investigations. In telling the story of this detective's quest that clever novelist, Storm Jameson, provides an unexpected, but entirely logical, end

"A shabby, insanitary tumble-down cottage . . . at the very gate of Sir Thomas Severn's drive"

No one can have regretted the murder of J. Blaber. He was not the sort of man one regrets. He was rich, dirty, and illiterate. He was very rich—how rich no one knew until his sudden end, when the sum of fifty-nine thousand pounds was discovered in the bread pannikin. The rest, a trifle of thirty thousand, was in the bank. This money had all been made out of pigs. He did not keep them; he bought and sold them. He also bought and sold old horses. He lived in a shabby, insanitary, tumble-down cottage of two rooms at the very gate of Sir Thomas Severn's drive, and when the Income Tax collector called on him with a request for six hundred pounds he produced the amount, in notes, from his pocket, and threw it sulkily on the table. He objected strongly to paying away money for which he could see no return. When it was represented to him that he was, in fact, supporting the British Empire, he showed a deplorable indifference to his privileges. And he could not sign his name.

In addition, he was the most squalid object in Dorset. He had never been washed since his second birthday, when his mother gave up her perfunctory attempts on him. The windows of his cottage were stuffed with old rags. The outside was unspeakably filthy and decayed. Taken together, he and his cottage ruined the entrance to Sir Thomas Severn's majestic house. And there was no way of getting rid of him. He owned the land on which his wretched hovel stood. The hovel had leaned close to the side wall of the lodge since the lodge was built—two hundred years ago. The original owner of Severn Hall had not objected, nor had any of his descendants, until it came into the possession of a very distant Severn, to whom Blaber and his hovel were sheerly maddening.

Sir Thomas was a bachelor, of wide and exquisite culture. He collected glass and Dutch pictures. Under the warmth of his taste and his income the Hall and the gardens flowered into an unfamiliar loveliness. Only Blaber's hovel marred the pattern.

Illustrated by
JOHN PIMLOT

(All rights strictly reserved)

Sir Thomas tried persuasion, threats, money. Blaber did not understand the first, and the threats produced a contemptuous chuckle. As for money—well, what could money mean to a man who kept notes in the bread pannikin? He didn't want money. He wanted his two warm, dirty, familiar rooms.

Sir Thomas took to driving through his gates with his face averted. If, drawn by a dreadful fascination, he glanced to the right he was almost sure to see the grotesque, leering face of J. Blaber watching him with an air of furtive amusement. It was almost too much for a sensitive-minded man. Sir Thomas began to think of going abroad.

So that—though no doubt he was shocked and startled—he was not very sorry to hear that J. Blaber had been found dead in the back room of his cottage, shot through the heart with his own gun. No one was very sorry. J. Blaber had no friends. For a long time the police could not find that he had any relatives.

In the meantime enquiries were begun into the manner of his death. It was at first assumed that he had shot himself—perhaps by accident—perhaps because he had suddenly seen himself. But the local doctor, after long cogitations over the body, walking, crawling, and snuffing round it in a professionally unpleasant way, gave it as his opinion at the inquest that the wound had not been self-inflicted.

So someone had murdered Blaber. As soon as the news spread he ceased to be the object of mild speculation and became the centre of a positive maëlstrom of talk, clues, mystery and terror. They said there was a new Ripper abroad. They said that the Vicar had been very queer in his manner ever since, at Easter, he was suddenly confronted by Miss Edith Snow in magenta satin and kid boots. They said that Miss Snow herself wasn't herself when she saw a man—and J. Blaber was a man, after all. The village let itself go for the first time since Mrs. ffoliott ran off with the jockey, leaving a note between her husband's teeth, in the bathroom.

A detective came down to assist the local police. He put up at the village inn, where the only other guest was a young Mr. Eliot, known to be courting Miss Catherine Severn, Sir Thomas's niece. Everything else about him was equally well known. He was poor, not liked by Sir Thomas, and he worked in the Foreign Office. This last implied that he was some sort of alien himself, probably a spy. The fact that he had sleek black hair, an olive skin, and a languid voice, made the last practically certain.

Before the detective had been in the village an hour five persons had come to him independently, to say that on the morning of J. Blaber's death they had seen Mr. Eliot walking away from the cottage into the plantation behind. He had seemed vexed or excited, waving his arms and muttering; sobbing, one woman said.

The detective—his name was Orme, and he had been educated at Rugby and Balliol—was not unused to the mania of suspicion which hangs like a cloud of flies over most villages. But, in spite of himself, he was impressed by the unanimity of the testimony. Then, when he caught his first glimpse of Michael Eliot, disappearing down a shadowy passage in the inn, he recognised him as a man whom he had known a little and disliked a great deal at Oxford. In those days Eliot had been a languid, sinuous young gentleman, given to black cloaks and lilies. He burnt incense in his rooms and wrote poetry in French.

It was all very youthful and decadent and usual, and Orme admitted to himself that the real reason why he disliked Michael Eliot was probably that Eliot—by whom at first sight he had been unwillingly impressed—had seemed bored by him and failed to recognise him when they next met. Reminded, he had said absently: "Of course, you're the man who—ah—reads Galsworthy. *Too* refreshing." Affected ass! After all these years, Orme felt a quiver of wounded vanity and annoyance.

He left the inn and walked to Blaber's cottage. The constable on guard told him that interest in the scene of the murder was dying down. No one had been near the place for an hour, except that Mr. Eliot, who had walked straight past and rushed into the plantation at the back

The detective could not imagine Eliot rushing anywhere. He went into the cottage again and looked round at the squalid, disorderly scene. The murderer, whoever he was, had not found the money in the bread pannikin, but he had evidently looked for it. The mattress was off the bed, the few drawers had been opened and their contents emptied on the floor—even the rags of carpet had been torn up.

Orme had just left the cottage and was walking back towards the village when footsteps behind him caused him to glance over his shoulder. Michael Eliot, swinging his arms and humming, approached quickly. As he passed he slackened his pace, stared, and finally smiled.

"Hullo, Orme," he said gently, "still reading our modern masters?"

Orme swallowed his irritation.

"No," he said.

"What *are* you doing here?"

"Looking for a murderer," Orme said.

ELIOT regarded him first with surprise and then with mild amusement. "You're not the Flying Squad, are you?" When Orme had explained he broke into spontaneous laughter. "Splendid!" he cried. "My dear Orme! I always *knew* you had an original mind. Let's write novels together. You supply the crude material and I'll add the—er—literary merit. We shall make a fortune."

Orme, fortunately, had a sense of humour. He grinned amiably and the two walked on together to the inn, where Eliot invited him up to his room for a drink.

"You'd better come to mine," Orme said. "I want to ask you a few questions."

Eliot's eyebrows flew up. Something of his old languor returned to him as he followed the detective upstairs. He sank gingerly into a chair and looked round the room.

"The inconceivable squalor of the uninstructed mind," he said, nodding at a picture on the wall.

Orme rather liked the picture—it was a print of a Millais, negligible, perhaps, but not vicious. "I'm surprised you stay here," he said swiftly.

"I stay here because I have not yet succeeded in getting myself invited to the Hall," Eliot said.

"Do you often stay here?"

"Whenever I get leave."

"You—like the country, I suppose."

Eliot settled into his chair. "Do let's understand each other," he murmured. "Am I being examined?"

Orme hesitated. After all, he thought, the man's a gentleman. He took a chance. "The truth is, my dear Eliot, that you were seen by no fewer than five persons in the village coming away from Blaber's cottage the morning he was shot. It is absurd, of course, but sooner or later I have got to ask you what you were doing there."

"Eliot pointed a long finger at him. 'What did I tell you? You must be careful, Cat. An unguarded word, and I shall be on my way to Dorchester Gaol'"

"Minding my own business," Eliot said quickly.

"That's no good," Orme said.

Eliot smiled charmingly. "Of course it isn't. Do forgive me, I ought to know better. But I'm so new to crime—serious crime—and you're rather flustering me." He did not look in the least flustered. "I daresay these charming people, who know everything, have told you that I come down here to see Miss Severn. It's true. We'd like to get married, but Sir Thomas—who could do everything for us—won't do a damned thing. He won't even see me."

"Why not?"

"Like so many of these well-to-do Puritans, my dear Orme, he seems to regard the fact of having no money as a kind of moral defect—a punishment for sin, I suppose. *I* have no money. Therefore I am immoral. Miss Severn, fortunately, is not—to the same degree—a Puritan. On the morning when the pig-dealer died—and I assure you that if you had seen him alive you would not be taking all this trouble about his fortunate decease——"

"I've seen him dead," Orme said grimly.

ELIOT shuddered. "Forgive me for recalling him to you. As I was saying—that morning I did what I've done every morning since I've been here. I walked past Blaber's cottage, through the plantation at the back, and along under the wall of Sir Thomas's park to a door that opens out from one of his orchards. There I waited for Miss Severn to come if she could. That morning she did come. We were together for some time, her uncle being luckily shut up in his room, she told me, with an attack of gout. The only thing, my dear Orme, that reconciles me to the thought of Severn's being so revoltingly well-off, is that it has given him severe gout. Miss Severn and I spent the morning and part of the afternoon together. I went back to the inn for tea."

"I see," Orme said.

"Forgive me," Eliot corrected him gently, "but I don't think that you do—quite. I don't mind telling you all this. But it would be very embarrassing—not to me but to Miss Severn—if I had to explain it in public."

"Oh, quite," Orme said hastily. He resented the way in which Eliot always contrived to make him appear an obtuse, blundering creature. "I don't think that will be necessary."

"Let's hope not," Eliot murmured. He stood up, with his engaging smile. "May I go now? Or is the third degree still to come?"

"Don't be an ass," Orme said. He felt sure that Eliot was telling the truth. At the same time, that curious nagging intuition he had, which sometimes allowed him to feel farther into another person's mind than he could see, warned him that Eliot was keeping a great deal back. There was an odd vibration in his voice—wholly unconscious—the reflection of something in his mind, something exciting which he had not allowed to appear on the surface.

"One woman who saw you go towards the plantation says you were sobbing. Another says you seemed annoyed."

"I *was* annoyed. I had hiccoughs," Eliot said simply. "I always get them when I'm excited. It's the great tragedy of my life. I got them the first time I saw Catherine—Miss Severn—alone. And again when I went with her to see her uncle for the first and only time. I daresay that's really why he mistrusts me. You can't blame him too much, can you? You—being a man of the world, my dear Orme—will realise what it means to me to have this ghastly infliction. It has made me what I am, a haunted man."

Orme looked at him as he stood there, exquisitely although simply dressed, one white hand smoothing his dark, sleek hair, and felt that the epithet was purely conventional.

THE next day was a perfect July day. He walked past Blaber's cottage, into the plantation, and followed the path under the wall until he came to the door. He was looking at it when two persons approached it from the other direction. Michael Eliot and a young woman. Miss Severn, of course.

Orme looked at her curiously. She was not beautiful, but she was charming, and she had a beautiful voice. He thought she was too good for Eliot.

Eliot introduced him to her with a sardonic, but not unfriendly air. "This is Orme. You must be careful what you say because he's looking for evidence against me."

"Don't be absurd. Isn't be absurd, Mr. Orme?"

"Very," Orme said.

"Last night," Eliot said dreamily, "I told him the darkest secret of my life and he never so much as blinked. So don't think because he looks as he does that he's not thinking. He's weighing every word you say and finding it wanting."

Orme was annoyed by this. He did not want to appear before Miss Severn in the rôle of obtuse, unintelligent detective. He said something rather incisive. Miss Severn seemed to know that he was hurt. She turned to her lover with a sweet and reproachful smile.

"Do you think we might ask Mr. Orme to lunch?"

"Why not? Even sleuths sometimes eat and sleep."

"I wish you wouldn't keep harping on my profession," Orme said testily. "It's a far more respectable profession than yours. *I* never landed the country in a European war, and I don't go about thinking myself a superior being on the strength of having to attend vulgarly expensive dinners for what I believe you call potentates."

"No," Eliot protested languidly. "Not in my department. We call everyone below the rank of emperor by his nickname. But that doesn't make us superior. What gives us this air of conscious merit—pathetic if you like—is that we are the last bulwark against the roaring sea of democracy. We may be trivial, our occupations may be absurd, repetitive, and mysterious—but we are *not* vulgar. Using the word in its proper sense, as meaning of or pertaining to the people. We do not pertain to the people. When that is no longer true the last link will have snapped between the dreadful crushing vulgarity of the modern world and the leisurely, elegant, lovely past. In those days I shall have resigned and be dragging out a squalid middle-age in Tunbridge Wells."

"Darling," Catherine Severn said, "light the spirit lamp." She had produced a picnic basket and a primus from just inside the door in the wall, and was spreading the things on the grass. "There's quite enough for you," she said prettily to Orme. "We always have lunch like this if my uncle is ill. Cook gives it to me."

"Is this what you were doing the day Blaber was shot?" Orme asked thoughtlessly.

Eliot pointed a long finger at him. "What did I tell you? You must be careful, Cat. An unguarded word and I shall be on my way to Dorchester gaol."

CATHERINE laughed. And again, in her laugh and her glance at Eliot, Orme caught that quiver of excitement or apprehension. She turned to Orme. "This lunch is by way of consolation," she said. "We'd hoped to be able to speak to my uncle again to-day. He was quite cheerful when he thought he'd soon get rid of poor Blaber's cottage—but the police haven't traced his relatives yet, and it looks as though everything might drag on indefinitely. He's very irritable again to-day."

"I'll let you know the moment we discover anyone," Orme offered.

He liked her very much. Afterwards, as he was walking back to the inn, he wondered what on earth she saw in Eliot, with his tart mind and drawling, provocative voice. He found a message waiting for him to say that a man answering to the description he had circulated of Eliot had taken the noon train at the junction on the morning of Blaber's death. He hired the Ford belonging to the butcher and drove into the junction. Careful questioning of the porter who had seen the man left no doubt in his mind that it was Eliot. So there had been no picnic under the wall of the park that day.

"Was he alone?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes."

"Where did he go?"

"Oi dunno where he went tu," the porter said craftily. "His ticket might have took 'ee to Dorchester if so be he went there."

On the way to Dorchester Orme tried to keep his mind to the impossibility of Eliot's having committed so sordid and apparently meaningless a murder. Yet was it so meaningless? Eliot needed money. Everyone knew that Blaber kept large sums of money in his cottage. Eliot would have been told about the Income Tax man—it was a village joke. He might have gone into the cottage on an impulse to steal, been surprised by Blaber, and shot him to stifle the scandal. Fantastic! And yet—Orme was coming to believe that the more fantastic a story seemed the more likely it was to be strictly true. Murder itself, done by a civilised man, was fantastic—like meeting a naked savage in Bond Street. He remembered suddenly that on that evening at Oxford, when Eliot had behaved so insufferably, he had also talked a great deal about the poetic charms of murder. To be truly poetic, of course, it had to be completely useless and

(*Continued on page* 80)

BY STARR WOOD

"Good gracious! Why have you been copying out the stores catalogue?"
"Don't be silly, dear, that's my first Christmas shopping list!"

TWO NAMES

By MORRIS GILBERT

Illustrated by GREENUP

"Popoff leaned a little forward. . . . 'There were too many leaks,' he said. 'You knew that, didn't you, Comrade Gregory?'"

WHEN Gregory came into the room he expected to find five men there. There were four. Gregory had an instant to examine them before they noticed him.

Vasilitch, slight, nervous, venomous, was lighting a cigarette and babbling—as was Vasilitch's wont—above the smoke and the match-flame into the phlegmatic ear of Popoff. Popoff sat, huge and clumsy, in the armchair, twiddling a fine cognac between his monstrous fingers. Across the table were Levin and Schmidt.

(All rights strictly reserved)

Serge was absent. The simple fact, which Gregory noted with a swiftness that surprised himself, sent a chill and then a fire through his veins. He banged the door and stepped into the circle of light.

"Ha!" said Popoff. Phlegmatic though he seemed to be, he was invariably the sharpest man in any room, so Gregory had long since known. Vasilitch wheeled. Levin and Schmidt got to their feet.

"It's Gregory," said Schmidt.

"Well, comrades," said Gregory, "how are you?"

The Paris night noises were damped in this back fourth-storey hotel room. Gregory, however, distinctly heard a big bus rumbling down the rue de Tournon. It would stop, he knew, at the arrêt facultatif at the corner of the rue St. Sulpice. It did, with a grinding and squealing of brakes. Gregory had expected that sound of brakes.

While this extraneous noise was going on the men had come forward, one by one, to greet him. Except Popoff. But Popoff never greeted anybody. He merely grunted; he always grunted.

Gregory turned to Schmidt, who was the most effusive. "Well," Gregory said, "it's good to be home—so near home, that is. It's good to see somebody you know. How are things?" Soon he would ask where Serge was.

"Things are all right," said Schmidt. "How are you? Where were you—in China?"

"In China," Gregory said, "and all over the place getting back. Things were good—fairly good—in China."

"You went there from Moscow, didn't you?" It was Schmidt asking. Gregory nodded. "How did you get here?"

"I came out through Canton, and then to Mexico." Gregory looked around. Soon he would have to ask about Serge. "I had trouble in Mexico." He shrugged his shoulders. "But everybody does."

"Sure," said Schmidt. "Everybody has trouble in Mexico nowadays. Have a drink?"

THERE was silence while Schmidt poured the cognac. It was a hell of a home-coming. There was silence while he drank. Gregory wondered if everybody heard the chug-chug in his throat when he swallowed the cognac. Soon he would have to ask about Serge. He put the glass back on the table. He shook his head when Schmidt motioned to fill it again. Nobody spoke, so he started.

"I heard a funny story in Mukden," he said. "About the abduction of General Malakoff. The newspapers were bad there. Just a line or two. It struck me as funny. What was the idea, abducting a man in Paris? Have we come down to horseplay? It made trouble for me. There're too many White Russians in Mukden who remember Malakoff. He was the general in command of all the White Russians. What could I do when everybody said we were murdering White Russians in Paris?" He looked around. "Did we murder him?" he demanded.

Nobody answered for a while. Then Popoff put down his cigarette.

"We murdered him," said Popoff. "Certainly we murdered him. We did it by mistake. The G.P.U. planned it, but it fizzled."

The faces around the table grimly chuckled, nodded, verifying Popoff's words, which Gregory at first had taken for a joke. One of Popoff's bad jokes.

"Now!" said Gregory. "That's a fine thing to do. Murder a man—even a White Russian, the commander of our enemies—by mistake." The chill and then the fire which he had felt when he counted the men in the room passed through his veins again. He decided to think a moment before asking about Serge.

"We grabbed Malakoff" (it was Popoff speaking) "because we wanted to find out a lot of things. Who he was dealing with here. What traitors to the Soviets were in his pay in Moscow, for instance."

"Yes?"

POPOFF leaned a little forward, a huge bulk in his chair, effacing it. "There were too many leaks," he said. "You knew that, didn't you, Comrade Gregory?"

"Certainly there were too many leaks," said Gregory. He wondered if they could see the muscles of his cheeks twitching or if it were merely a nervous sensation. "In Bessarabia. There was a leak there."

"There was," Popoff agreed. "A damn bad one." He twiddled his cognac glass in his big fingers. "What we wanted was to take Malakoff and put him under an opiate and make him talk. He would talk names, we thought. Names in Russia—names all over the place. He was a big fat fool. He was just the kind of fool to talk names under an opiate."

"I never saw him," said Gregory. "I suppose he was." His voice sounded wooden in his own ears.

"Ha!" Popoff roared, "that's where we were fooled. That's where we bungled, we damn fools. We gave him an overdose and he died. We had to do it too fast, in the automobile. We jammed too much into him."

GREGORY felt air flooding his lungs. They were expanding as if the air of the smoky room were scented with flowers of Spring. His heart stopped sludging. What an idiot he had been not to ask sooner about Serge. He would do so, right away. "I should say you were!" he cried. "Damn fools! The man living was a gold-mine to us. Dead, he was just another Russian. Pht! There're plenty of dead Russians." He spat, cheerfully.

Popoff's head was bowed over his glass. But his eyes came curving up as if they were a lobster's eyes on stalks, under his brows.

"He died," Popoff said. "But before he died he did talk. He happened to mention two names. One was Serge. The other was——"

Before Gregory got quite through the door, Vasilitch's shot found him. A 'bus screeched, coming to a halt at the corner of the rue St. Sulpice. M. G.

A Warning to Children

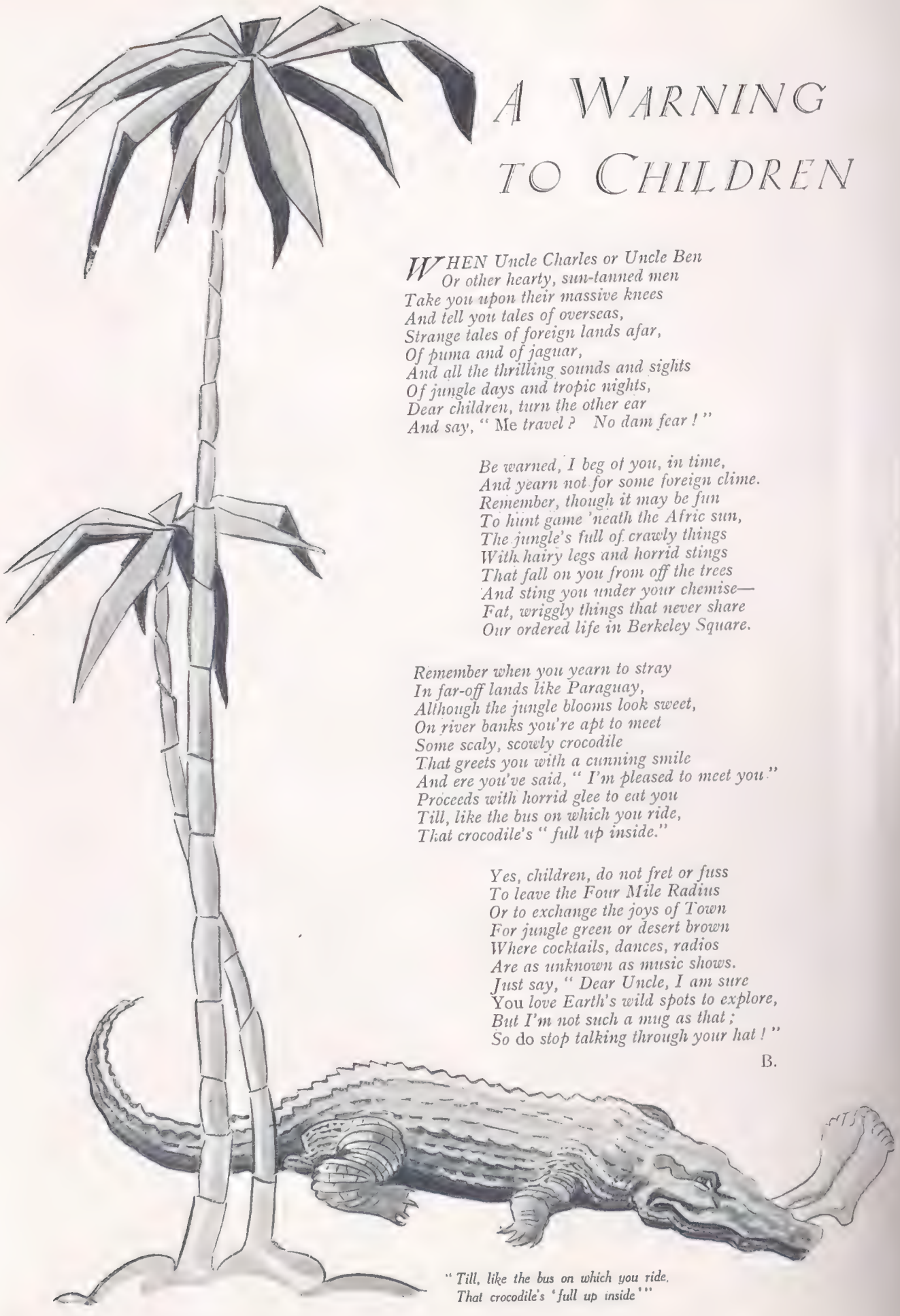
WHEN Uncle Charles or Uncle Ben
Or other hearty, sun-tanned men
Take you upon their massive knees
And tell you tales of overseas,
Strange tales of foreign lands afar,
Of puma and of jaguar,
And all the thrilling sounds and sights
Of jungle days and tropic nights,
Dear children, turn the other ear
And say, " Me *travel? No dam fear!"*

Be warned, I beg of you, in time,
And yearn not for some foreign clime.
Remember, though it may be fun
To hunt game 'neath the Afric sun,
The jungle's full of crawly things
With hairy legs and horrid stings
That fall on you from off the trees
And sting you under your chemise—
Fat, wriggly things that never share
Our ordered life in Berkeley Square.

Remember when you yearn to stray
In far-off lands like Paraguay,
Although the jungle blooms look sweet,
On river banks you're apt to meet
Some scaly, scowly crocodile
That greets you with a cunning smile
And ere you've said, "I'm pleased to meet you"
Proceeds with horrid glee to eat you
Till, like the bus on which you ride,
That crocodile's "full up inside."

Yes, children, do not fret or fuss
To leave the Four Mile Radius
Or to exchange the joys of Town
For jungle green or desert brown
Where cocktails, dances, radios
Are as unknown as music shows.
Just say, "Dear Uncle, I am sure
You *love Earth's wild spots to explore,*
But I'm not such a mug as that;
So do *stop talking through your hat!"*

B.



"Till, like the bus on which you ride,
That crocodile's 'full up inside'"

The Sign of the PERFECT BLEND

SPECIALLY PACKED
FOR XMAS
IN 2, 3, 6 AND
12 BOTTLE CASES

World-renowned for Age and Quality

F

FLEUR
BIENAIMÉE
PARFUM
NOUVEAU
PARFUM-POUDRE-LOTION
HOUBIGANT
PARIS
FLEUR
BIENAIMÉE
HOUBIGANT

BY NICK

A WINTER'S TALE

WHILE DANCING AT THE ALBERT HALL
HE MET THE BLONDEST OF 'EM ALL
NO FLOWER BLEW SO WILLY-NILLY
ON THE BANKS OF PICCADILLY ~

NOT ONE OF THOSE GOLD-DIGGING GIRLS
SHE KNEW A THING OR TWO OF PEARLS
HOW SWEETLY ON HIS KNEES SHE BEGS
FOR ROPES OF PEARLS AS BIG AS EGGS ~

WHEN NEXT SHE PHONED "WHERE SHALL WE MEET?"
OUR HERO MURMURED "CAREY STREET"
I THINK SHE DIDN'T GO BECOS
HOW COULD SHE KNOW WHERE THAT PLACE WAS?

KIPPA

BY KIPPA

A SHORT CHRISTMAS STORY

BY BEVAN FETMAN

"YOUR HOT-WATER BOTTLE, SIR"

= NIGHT CLUB =

The bleating of the band —
Niggers nod and plod
Through the symphonic puzzle,
They wade — Oh God!
Hi! Twiddle on that fiddle
Put a tingle in our toes —
More wind! —

The giggling and the rippling of the band,
Line of camels thudding through the sand
In a Californian desert — same desert
As the desert that the gigolesque Adonis
With the orchid,
Last season,
Had to dance to as he pressed a fatter woman's hand.
No Venus!

Misanthropic misers drinking coffee
Order fizz;
The floor may stick like toffee,
People jostle thick as flies,
But the cries and the sighs
Of the sax make ecstatic,
Old dyspeptic Lady Plaintive
Throw an antic called a step —
Creaking of her knees made of oak,
Holy smoke!

Divorcés from South Dakota dance with drawly debutantes —
Glory be! — Where's Mother?
Paralytic millionaire sipping absinthe thinks
All the women parasitic, diabolic, dysenteric,
Dictatorial, equatorial, eclectic, dyspeptic
Titian or Eurasian —
He, of course is fungoid!

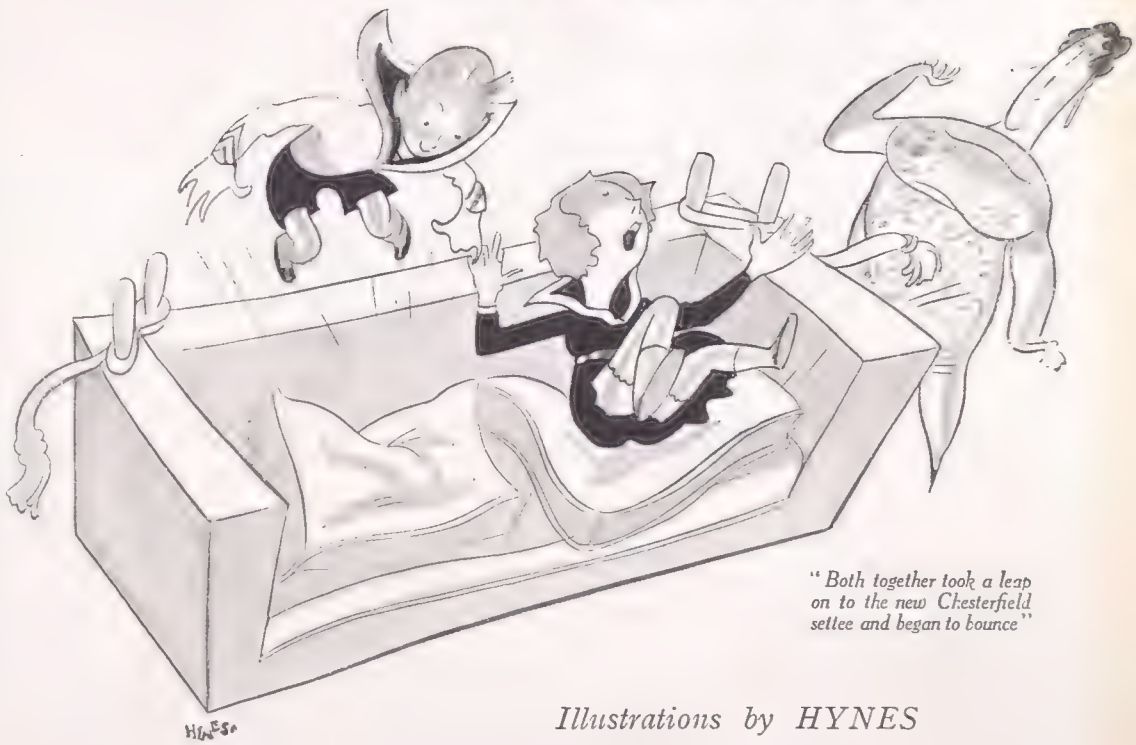
By WILFRID GIBSON.

Angelica and Ambrose

By Anthony Shirley

MR. AND MRS. GOODCHILD had been married for nine years, and they had two children, a girl and a boy. The girl's name was Angelica and she was eight; and the boy was called Ambrose; he was seven. These pretty names had been given to the children by their mother. When the girl was born she said, "How like an angel it looks, let us call it Angelica"—for *angelica* is a Latin word which means "like an angel"; it is also used for that green stuff you get on birthday cakes. But Angelica's name, of course, had to do with angels, not birthday cakes; for no one would think of calling their baby after a birthday cake or anything of the sort, no more than they would call it "Candy Peel" or "Raisin." It was a very beautiful thought of Mrs. Goodchild to call her baby girl Angelica, for new-born babies don't usually look like angels; most of them are like prawns, very pink all over. Mrs. Goodchild, you see, thought of what little Angelica would be like one day, not what she was just then.

After about a year and a half, Mr. and Mrs. Goodchild had another baby, and him they named Ambrose. Mrs. Goodchild chose that name, too, because there was a very good man called Saint Ambrose, who was once Bishop of a place called Milan; and Mr. and Mrs. Goodchild were very fond of Milan, because they stayed there once for a night when they were visiting Italy with one of Mr. Cook's tours. But they forgot one important thing, which was that Ambrose and Angelica both begin with A; and so did Mr. Goodchild's name, for he was called "Arthur." So all three had A. G. as their initials on their bags and nightdress cases and handkerchiefs, which was confusing instead of being helpful.



"Both together took a leap on to the new Chesterfield settee and began to bounce"

Illustrations by HYNES

FROM the time that Angelica was one month old, until she was eight, Mr. and Mrs. Goodchild had a Nanny to look after the children. She was a wonderful Nanny, and she knew all about children, for she had been trained in a Nursery College, and what Nannies don't learn in Nursery Colleges is not only not worth knowing, but must almost always be wrong. At first Mr. and Mrs. Goodchild had tried to have things done in their own way, but their Nanny answered, "That is not done by the most modern specialists; in the Nursery College we did it another way." Mr. and Mrs. Goodchild gave up trying to interfere with Nanny; and very wisely, for she knew best, and so long as she lived with them Angelica and Ambrose were model children. When they went out they walked soberly and quietly, Angelica holding Nanny's right hand, and Ambrose her left. When they came in, first they wiped their shoes on the doormat; then they took them off and put on their house-shoes; next they went upstairs very quietly and brushed their hair; then they washed their hands and sat down in the nursery looking at a picture book until the gong rang for dinner. Then they went downstairs, walking on the carpet in the middle and not on the side lest they should scratch the new paint, and never, *never* did they slide down the banisters. At table they sat still, and left clean, tidy plates. In fact, you could not find anywhere a more perfect pair of children. So Mr. and Mrs. Goodchild were proud of their children; but that was while Nanny was still with them.

Soon after Angelica was eight Nanny gave notice, for, though she was very fond of Mr. and Mrs. Goodchild, she was fonder still of a young man called Geoffrey Martin; and, indeed, soon afterwards they got married. When they knew that Nanny was leaving them, Mr. and Mrs. Goodchild talked the matter over; they always talked matters over, as all good fathers and mothers should. The way they talked things over was this: Mrs. Goodchild would begin by saying: "You know, my dear, Nanny is leaving us in September."

Then Mr. Goodchild would answer, "Yes"; for he did know it quite well, as Mrs. Goodchild had told him so eleven times already.

So Mrs. Goodchild said, "The question is, Shall we get another Nanny? And if so, where shall we get her? Or shall we bring the children up ourselves?"

Mr. Goodchild answered: "Do as you please, my dear; the children at this stage are more your concern than mine."

(All rights strictly reserved)

Mrs. Goodchild pretended to be shocked at Mr. Goodchild's words; but really she was quite pleased, because she wanted her own way.

Now Mrs. Goodchild had lately been reading books. She was a great reader; she would go down to Boots' Library about 11 o'clock each morning and bring back two books, and by 11 o'clock the next morning she would have read both of them; or at least as much as she wanted, which was generally the first three chapters and the last. Once Mrs. Goodchild had only liked books with a happy ending; but now that she was grown up and becoming what is called an intellectual, she always wanted them to be sad; but the books that she liked most were the kind which seem to have no end and very little beginning. Not all the books that Mrs. Goodchild read were stories; she liked to know what clever people thought, and so she had read all kinds of new ideas; and among them were books about the way in which children should be brought up. As she read these books, she soon saw that Nanny's ideas were all wrong. So she told Mr. Goodchild; but all he said was, "Let Nanny alone; you'll never get anyone like her, if ever she goes."

But Mrs. Goodchild was not at all satisfied, and when Nanny said that she was going off to be married, she was secretly very glad. "Now," she said to herself, "I will look after my own children myself, and they shall be brought up in the ways of enlightenment"—which was just a pretty way of saying that she would bring them up as she liked.

So when Mr. Goodchild told Mrs. Goodchild that she could do as she pleased, she thought and then she said, "Arthur, dearest" (that meant that she was very happy, for it was always a sign that she was very happy when she called Mr. Goodchild "Arthur, dearest") "I am sure that we ought, as good parents, to bring up our own children."

Mr. Goodchild answered rather grumpily, "Try it for a month."

It was now only a fortnight before Nanny was leaving to marry her young man and become Mrs. Geoffrey Martin. So Mrs. Goodchild began to go to Boots' Library more often than ever; twice a day sometimes.

"If we are going to take our duties seriously," she told Mr. Goodchild, "first we must equip ourselves for the task."

And Mr. Goodchild answered, "Yes, my dear."

"Before we can order the lives of others," said Mrs. Goodchild, "we must know all about ourselves."

And Mr. Goodchild answered, "Yes, my dear."

So Mrs. Goodchild wrote out an enormous list of the books that tell us about ourselves, which she took to Boots' Library. After a time some of the books came, and these she read; but some books Mr. Boot did not seem to keep, so Mrs. Goodchild had to buy these. She read books by a very learned foreign gentleman called Freud, and others by another called Professor Jung; and books by a lady called Stopes; and stories by Mr. Lawrence; and books on the customs of the people of Patagonia—"For," said Mrs. Goodchild, "we can learn so much from tribes with no prohibitions." Then she read all about dreams; and infant schools; and a book on how to bring up children, by a gentleman called Mr. Russell who had two; and another book on how to behave that Mr. Russell wrote, and another that Mrs. Russell wrote, on being happy.

At the end of the fortnight Mrs. Goodchild knew a good deal about Children and Life; and some of it she told to Mr. Goodchild, who was not much interested.

Nanny went away one Monday just before dinner time. Angelica and Ambrose watched her two boxes being piled on the roof of the taxi, and then Nanny kissed them good-bye—a pecky kiss, the kind she always gave; then she got into the taxi, and drove away. To Angelica and Ambrose it seemed as if someone had taken the roof off the house and let in the sunshine. Then Angelica said to Mrs. Goodchild, "Mummy, isn't Nanny *ever* coming back again?"

"No, dearest, never," answered Mrs. Goodchild.

"Never, not even if we're naughty?" asked Ambrose.

"No, never," said Mrs. Goodchild, smiling.

And with that Angelica and Ambrose both turned head over heels, rush up the stairs on the new paint, straddled the banisters, and were down again before Mrs. Goodchild had finished smiling.

"Children," she murmured to herself, "should be brought up in perfect light and perfect freedom"; and she sighed a little to think how Nanny had cared less for perfect freedom than for strict obedience. Then she took Angelica and Ambrose by the hand and led them into the drawing-room, and there she sat down and began to talk to them.

"The walls, which had been newly papered with a very expensive black jazz paper, were now adorned with green pictures of one kind or another"

"Now, my darlings," she began. There she stopped, remembering that the most up-to-date parents don't talk of their children as darlings, because that gives them a complex, which is a kind of twist underneath the inside. So she began again, "Now, Angelica and Ambrose. I want you always to remember this day, because from now onwards you are going to be brought up in a new way. Nanny was very kind to you, and meant everything for the best; but now she has gone, and in future I am going to let you grow up alone in perfect freedom and perfect happiness."

Angelica and Ambrose didn't quite understand what this meant, so they looked a little uncomfortable until Mrs. Goodchild explained. "I mean," she said, "you can do just what you like, always."

"Always?" asked Angelica, in awe at such a wonderful prospect.

"Promise?" said Ambrose.

"Yes," said his mother solemnly, "a promise."

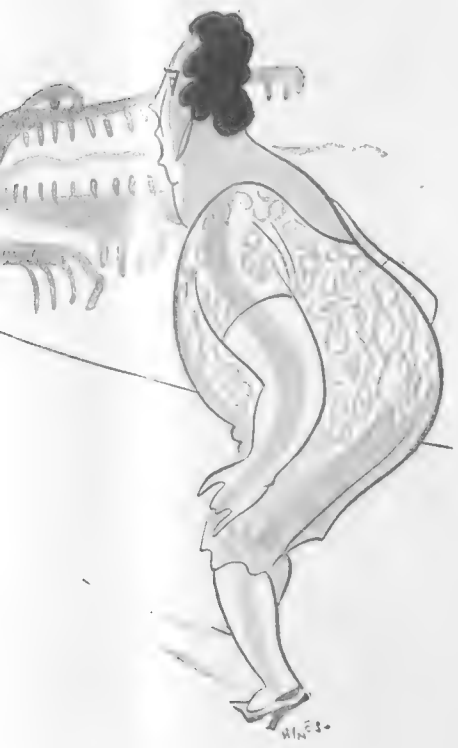
"In here, too," said Angelica looking round the drawing-room where Nanny had always held her hand very tight.

"Yes, here; everywhere," said Mrs. Goodchild.

Angelica looked at Mrs. Goodchild; she looked at Ambrose; and Ambrose looked at her.

"Come on," she said; and both together took a leap on to the new Chesterfield settee and began to bounce. And they bounced and bounced until they were tired and breathless; and the new settee was a little tired, too. Mrs. Goodchild did not quite like her new settee to be treated in this hearty manner, but she thought that of course Angelica and Ambrose would naturally be a little excited at first by their new freedom. After a time they would settle down and become sensible and thoroughly nice children.

MRS. GOODCHILD had noticed that in the books the best modern parents are not called "Mummy" and "Daddy" by their children, but by some more familiar name, their Christian names, for instance. Mrs. Goodchild thought that this was a very pretty idea, but she did not like her own Christian names, much, which were Emily Matilda; but still, the children might think of some more familiar and pretty names. So she said to them, "Now, Angelica and Ambrose, I want you not to call me 'Mummy' any longer, for 'Mummy' means in your sub-conscious minds 'one who is to be obeyed,' and henceforward we are to be friends and equals."



Angelica and Ambrose had no idea what a sub-conscious mind was; nor had Mrs. Goodchild really.

So she said again, "Won't you find a nice new name for me?"

She had hoped that they would choose a beautiful name, Ursula, or Pearl, or Rosamond, or something like that.

Ambrose looked at her for a bit and thought; then he said, "We'll call you Pumpkin."

This was really a very expressive name, for Mrs. Goodchild had what is called a full figure. Just then the dinner gong sounded, and they forgot all about the name. Mrs. Goodchild did not remind them, nor did she tell Mr. Goodchild.

"Run away and wash your hands, children," said Mrs. Goodchild.

"But we don't like washing," replied Ambrose, "and you *said* that we were to do just what we liked."

Mrs. Goodchild was not surprised to hear Ambrose make this remark; she knew that children will naturally think such things until it is gently pointed out to them that to be clean is better than to be dirty. So she said to Ambrose, "We may not like washing, but you wouldn't care to eat your food with dirty hands, would you, Ambrose?"

"Why not?" said Ambrose.

"Because," answered Mrs. Goodchild, "if you touch your food with dirty hands it will get dirty; and then you will be eating dirt yourself, and we must be very careful what we eat. Dirt would make us ill."

Ambrose just didn't believe it, because once or twice, when his hands had been very dirty, he had licked them clean and hadn't felt a bit ill; besides, his hands had been much dirtier. So Mrs. Goodchild went to wash her hands to show the children a good example; which they did not follow.

NOW Mr. Goodchild sometimes brought back a little present for Mrs. Goodchild, and on this particular day it was a box of chocolates, a fine large three-pound box; for he was feeling happy. He had just been to the old bookshop in West Street, and there he found a book he had wanted for a very long time, but never hoped to possess; it was a book called "Songs of Innocence," and it was full of rare and curious pictures. Mr. Goodchild was very pleased to have it, especially as he only paid 2*s*., for the bookseller evidently didn't know its value. So on the way back Mr. Goodchild bought the box of chocolates.

After dinner Angelica and Ambrose were allowed to have two chocolates each. Both of them were rather greedy when there were chocolates, and it had worried Mrs. Goodchild, because she did not quite know how to persuade them that it was foolish to be greedy. But in one of the books which she had read the gentleman who wrote it said that he also had a little boy who liked to eat too many chocolates. So one day when there were a lot of chocolates in the house and his little boy wanted to overeat the gentleman said, "My boy, if you eat too many chocolates you will be sick"; and the little boy ate too many chocolates, and he was sick; and after that he looked on his father as a wise man, which made his father very happy. Mrs. Goodchild thought this was a good chance of showing her children that it was foolish to overeat chocolates.

"Children," she said, "you may eat as many chocolates as you wish; but if you eat too many you will be sick."

Ambrose answered, "I bet we won't."

In ten minutes' time they had finished the chocolates, all the three pounds, except for four which Mrs. Goodchild ate herself. After that Mrs. Goodchild was quite sure that they would be sick; so she went to the bathroom, and there she set ready the enamel bowl which was kept specially for such events. It was known in the house as the "receptacle." Then she reminded the children of her prophecy, and told them that they would find the receptacle in the bathroom.

But Ambrose was right, for neither he nor Angelica was sick on a pound and a half of chocolates; it would have needed at least three pounds each. All the same, they felt rather yum-yummy and full. There are two kinds of full feeling; when you have eaten too much pudding your tummy feels as if it would burst frontways; but if you have too many chocolates you feel full upwards, and as if your tongue was a cork. Angelica and Ambrose felt like that. After a bit they got more and more disagreeable. Neither wanted to do anything that the other or anyone else wanted. They would not go into the garden, or into the nursery, and they would not play, or read, or put up the Meccano. The only thing that Ambrose wanted to do was to throw stones at the hens. Then they began to quarrel. Ambrose took hold of Angelica by the hair and called her a dirty little beast. Angelica, as soon as she was free, bit Ambrose in the calf; she did not call Ambrose any names because her mouth was too full.

Mrs. Goodchild, hearing the noise, came to see what was happening. She was not quite sure what to do, as the children in the books never pulled each other by their hair or bit each other savagely. So she tried to reason with them, but it was some minutes before she could persuade them to stop calling each other names. It made her very unhappy to hear them quarrelling so. But at last they stopped, and Mrs. Goodchild then said that they were suffering from too many chocolates. Children, and grown-ups, too, who overeat become disagreeable, and now they saw how foolish they had been to eat too many chocolates.

But Angelica whimpered, "It wasn't chocolates; he called me a dirty little beast."

"She is!" spat back Ambrose; "and, besides, you *said* I'd be sick, and I wasn't, and I won't, so ya, ya, ya!"

This was very rude and shocking of him, and Mrs. Goodchild began not only to feel sad, but to be just a little angry; for here she was being so patient and so kind, and her children, instead of treating her with reason, were turning into little savages before her eyes; and six hours ago they were the best pair of children anywhere in England. Soon

after Mrs. Goodchild left her children with cook, for she had to go out to pay a call.

After dinner next day Mrs. Goodchild had rather a headache, so she went to lie down. Presently there came a knock at the door and the voice of Angelica saying, "Please Mummy, may we paint?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Goodchild in a tired voice.

"In the drawing-room?" asked Angelica.

"Yes, dear, if you like."

"Oh, *thank* you, Mummy," said Angelica, and scampered away.

Had Mrs. Goodchild not been suffering from a headache she would have guessed that something was going to happen. She might also have remembered that the gardener had been painting the greenhouse that morning.

"'*Shall we send them for you?*' *asked the man*"

THE house was perfectly quiet for the next hour. Mrs. Goodchild slept. When she woke up she wondered where the children were, and after she had tidied her hair and put on her tea-gown she went down to the drawing-room.

Angelica and Ambrose were still there, for they had not quite finished the paint. The walls, which had been newly papered with a very expensive black jazz paper, were now adorned with green pictures of one kind or another. Some were recognisable: there was a St. George and the Dragon all along one wall in green, and on the floor and furniture signs as of a great fight. If St. George had killed the Dragon in her drawing-room, and the Dragon had thereupon died in agony, writhing about the place and spouting green blood, it would have looked just like that.

"Oh, children," she cried out, "what have you done?"

"But, Mummy," answered Angelica innocently, "you said we might paint in the drawing-room."

"And you *said* we might do just whatever we liked," added Ambrose, taking a brush full of paint and slopping it on Mrs. Goodchild's Queen Anne bureau.

Mrs. Goodchild turned very red. It was with a great effort that she refrained from seizing the children and smacking them hard. But she remembered in time how the books said that one should always appeal to a child's reason.

"Don't you see, Angelica," she said, "that's you've ruined Mummy's drawing-room?"

Angelica didn't see; she thought it was perfectly beautiful; and as for Ambrose, he just chanted, "Ya, ya, ya!"

Now all that day Mr. Goodchild was away from home, for he was one of those lucky gentlemen who only go up to their office four days a week. That is, he was at home on Saturday, Sunday and Monday; and this was Tuesday. Mrs. Goodchild didn't like to tell him about Angelica and Ambrose and the painting; but fortunately he had been very successful in his business that day and was good-humoured and happy. By chance that evening he went into the drawing-room instead of into his study; and when he saw St. George and the Dragon his first thought was to rush straight upstairs and beat the children then and there. But as he looked at the confusion and mess he knew that Mrs. Goodchild had been letting the children express their artistic instincts. So when Mrs. Goodchild came in he said to her, "I suppose that this is what you call developing the creative urge?"

And if Mrs. Goodchild had not been very proud and really very strong-minded, she would have cried; but she did not. She said, "It is rather a mess, but you should never hinder a child from following the bent of its intuition."

Mr. Goodchild answered. "Quite, my dear"; and went to smoke a cigar in his study.

For the next three days things got worse and worse until on Friday night Mrs. Goodchild was in despair, and almost thought of sending a telegram to Nanny imploring her not to marry Mr. Geoffrey Martin, but to come back. But she was very proud, and so she did not. All the same, she did a great deal of thinking. She thought about Angelica and Ambrose from the time that they were tiny babies, and she wondered whether those pretty names really suited them; for Angelica just now was not the least bit like an angel, and the real Saint Ambrose would have been horrified to think that such a dirty, disagreeable little boy had ever been named after him.

Next day was Saturday, when Mr. Goodchild stayed at home all day. Just after breakfast he took out the book that he had bought on Monday, the book called "Songs of Innocence," with the pretty pictures of little boys and shepherds by a man called Blake; and it was a first edition. Mr. Goodchild left it open on his desk at a picture of a man playing a whistle pipe. Then he went out to talk to the gardener about the new rose bed. While he was away Angelica and Ambrose came into the room and saw the picture.

WHEN Mr. Goodchild came back he saw that Mr. Blake's picture had been improved. He was now smoking a long red pipe from which there rolled up a cloud of green smoke. Moreover, the piper had been provided with a red coat and green trousers. Mr. Goodchild dropped his own pipe out of his mouth in horror and amazement. He strode to the door and called for the children, but fortunately they were out with the maid. Then he shouted for Mrs. Goodchild, and when she came he thrust the picture into her hands.

She sighed "We must let them develop the creative urge," she said.

Mr. Goodchild angrily took up the telephone; he thought of a number and when the voice answered the other end he said, "Is that the Advertising Department of *The Times*? . . . Please take this down to be inserted in your very next issue. "Wanted *immediately*—put 'immediately' in *LARGE LETTERS*—'Nanny to take sole charge of two children, aged eight and seven. Must be good disciplinarian.' Put 'good disciplinarian' in *LARGE LETTERS*." Then he gave his name and his address and the telephone number.

Mr. Goodchild clapped down the receiver and walked rapidly out of the house. He went straight to the ironmonger's. There he said, "Do you keep canes?"

"Yes, sir, yes," said the man; "what kind of canes?"

"I want something short and pliable," said Mr. Goodchild.

"Well, sir, the best thing I can recommend is a length cut off one of the canes we keep for cleaning drains."

"That will do excellently," said Mr. Goodchild; "cut me off two."

"Shall we send them for you, sir?" asked the man.

"No," said Mr. Goodchild, "I will take them with me."

A. S.

BY STANELLI

"*What! The diamond I gave you imitation! Are you blind, Mamie?*"
"*Not* stone *blind, anyhow!*"

HUMOUR AMIDST ADVERSITY: JOKES

The Young and Talkative One: "What made that 'ole?"
The Fed-up One: "Mice!"

THE incorrigible optimism and ability to see the funny side of a life where humour would appear to be conspicuously absent which were such characteristics of the men who served at the Front during the War, were immortalised by Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather. The "Fragments from France" in the "Bystander" during the War reflected the spirit of the times as no other drawings ever did, and in response to many requests we have great pleasure in reproducing some of these classics from our pages of fifteen years ago. The total absence of heroics, sentimentality and outbursts of patriotic fervour which made a music-hall song the British Marseillaise, and enabled the Hymn of Hate to bring joy to the unregenerate hearts of its victims, enabled the Tommy to save his sanity with a smile, and endure the hardships and horrors of war with a cheery fatalism that only increased with danger.

"Well, you know I like the photo of you in your gas mask best"

"You wait till I comes off duty!"

"Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it!"

AT THE FRONT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

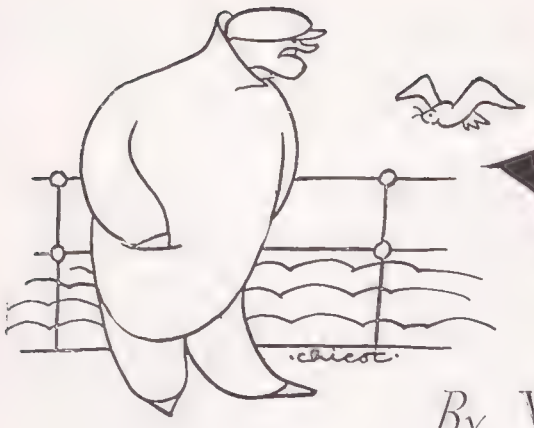
"What was that, Bill?"
"Trench mortar"
"Ours or theirs?"

"They'll be torpedoin' us if we stop here much longer, Bill"

"Chuck out that bag o' bombs, mate; it's under your 'ead"

"Come on Bert, it's safer in the trenches"

"Well, if yer thinks yer ought to, I'll lend yer this bit o' mistletoe o mine!"



VOICES AT SEA

By Vernon Woodhouse

Records secured on an ocean liner in which many passengers are making a pleasure trip about Christmas time.

Before the Ship Sails

"WHAT a lot of stairs to go down, Horace. I never thought our bedroom would be so low down. Fancy spending one's Christmas holidays in the *basement*. . . . Where's my jewel case? . . . You've got it? Then that's all right. . . . Now, I can't remember the number of . . . what a funny, *narrow* corridor it is! Is *this* our room? . . . Why, it's got *beds* in it. I always thought . . . what's that about doing a bunk? . . . Oh, a *joke*. I'm not in the humour for . . . A wardrobe and chest of drawers! Just like an *hotel, and* our boxes are here! *You* can unpack and put my things away. The dresses in the wardrobe and my knick-knacks in the drawers. . . . Oh, well, *lockers*. It's all the same. . . . Where are your clothes to go? My *dear* Horace, haven't you a *box* in the cabin? *Do* remember we're in a *ship!*"

In the Dining-room at Breakfast

"SOMEWHERE off the Isle of Wight, I should think. . . ."

"Going *down* the Channel isn't nearly as bad as *crossing* it!"

"For December, delightfully calm."

"Why shouldn't I call him waiter, Horace? . . . Most certainly *not*. Steward somehow sounds so ominous!"

"Yes, we're going to India. Christmas in Port Said, you know. Sunshine, anyway."

"Forty items on the menu! Can't eat 'em all, but I'll have a dashed good try!"

"Rough! Just wait till we reach the Bay! I remembah when leavin' for Indiah in '05—no, it was '06—the . . . ah, waves, were as high as . . . yes, kidneys and bacon."

"My dear! The soap on this ship! I got into my bath and it wouldn't lather one little bit . . . what? Wash with fresh water in the tin and *then* get into the bath? Well, why wasn't I told the water was *salt?*"

"Yes, my usual mile before breakfast. Seven and a half times round the deck. You get liverish if . . ."

". . . Absolutely rotten! Wireless bulletin doesn't even quote Assa Fœdita Deferred. If I'd thought I'd be six days without *The Financial Herald*. . . ."

"Yes, we shall be glad to get back to Australia . . . Oh, we were fed up with Italy. Everything at least three thousand years old. Just an *awful* lot of junk. Now up-country in Queensland we've got a *modern* bungalow. . . ."

On Deck

"IT'S no use, Willie, so you can stop crying. The Captain won't stop the ship for you to catch one of those porpoises jumping so prettily. . . . I beg your pardon, sir? . . . Dolphins, are they? Well, they're not in the least like those you see painted on *signboards*."

"Well, Horace, we're in the Bay of Biscay now, and it's as calm as a mill pond. *Much* calmer than the Channel. . . No, of course I'm not disappointed, but when one has made up one's mind to *suffer* . . . oh, it's no good arguing with you. You're so *illogical*."

"As you say, dear, a *lovely* sunset, but then it *ought* to be. . . . Why, because we're much farther west than anywhere in England. Closer to it, you see!"

". . . Aye, I've a richt to be gloomy. Four-r days on the sea and I've only juist discovered that on this ship they *give awa* matches. It'll juist spoil the pleesure of my holiday."

Three Hours Ashore at Gibraltar

"AS I was saying . . . no, I do *not* want grapes or plums . . as I was saying . . . *Looka at Maltese lace, ver', ver' cheep* . . . as I was . . . *Loverlee ride, onlee two shillings each* . . . Oh, *please* go away. . . . *Picter poostcards onlee eight a pence for twelve*. . . . *No,* I've told you before. . . . Confound these pedlars, they won't let you get a word in edgeways. As I was saying . . . *Figs, ver' fine figs, sixpence big basket*. . . . No, *no,* NO! And the scandal is they're licensed to do this sort of thing. . . . *Buy a ver' nice pocket-book or bag for beautiful lady*. . . . NO! That's the fourth time. . . . *Spanish shawl, lovelee Spanish shawl, cheaper than Woolvorth. . . . Ver', ver' cheap . . . only two sheelings . . . a ride alla round Rock. . . . Fresh grapes. Baskets of . . . Looka at Spanish shawl,* etc., etc. . . . Oh, for God's sake, clear out; I don't want to buy anything. As I was saying—confound it! I don't remember what I was going to say now.

"Time to be getting back? Well, I'm really sorry to go. If only we could have bought our Christmas presents here. You need pay so little for something sent from abroad. . .

"Wal, Sadie, we've seen it, and I guess you're satisfied, but when we get back to the little home town I'll tell the world that if the Britishers *want* to keep such a one-horse, flea-ridden, God-forsaken spot as Gee-braltar I, for one, won't declare war about it. Gee-bralter! Gee-whiz!"

In Port. Marseilles on C Deck

"PORTAIRE, sare? You want portaire?"

"Oui. Je désire—ah—le baggage—ah—allez au——ah—taxi-cab vite. Comprennez?"

"Luggage for ze automobile damquick?"

"Oui, oui."

"'Ow many pieces of luggage?"

"Cinq. Nous avons cinque. Combien?"

"Ten scheellings, sare. Just von leedle ten-scheelling note. Ver', ver' cheep."

"Quelle une—ah—nerve—vous avez! Non, non. C'est trop cher!"

"Oh, ver', ver' cheep."

"Je vous—ah—donnerez—vingt francs."

"Twentee francs? Non, non. Ten scheelings."

"That for a tale. I mean cette pour une fable. Vingt-*cinque* francs."

"Ten scheellings, sare. Just von leedle ten . . ."

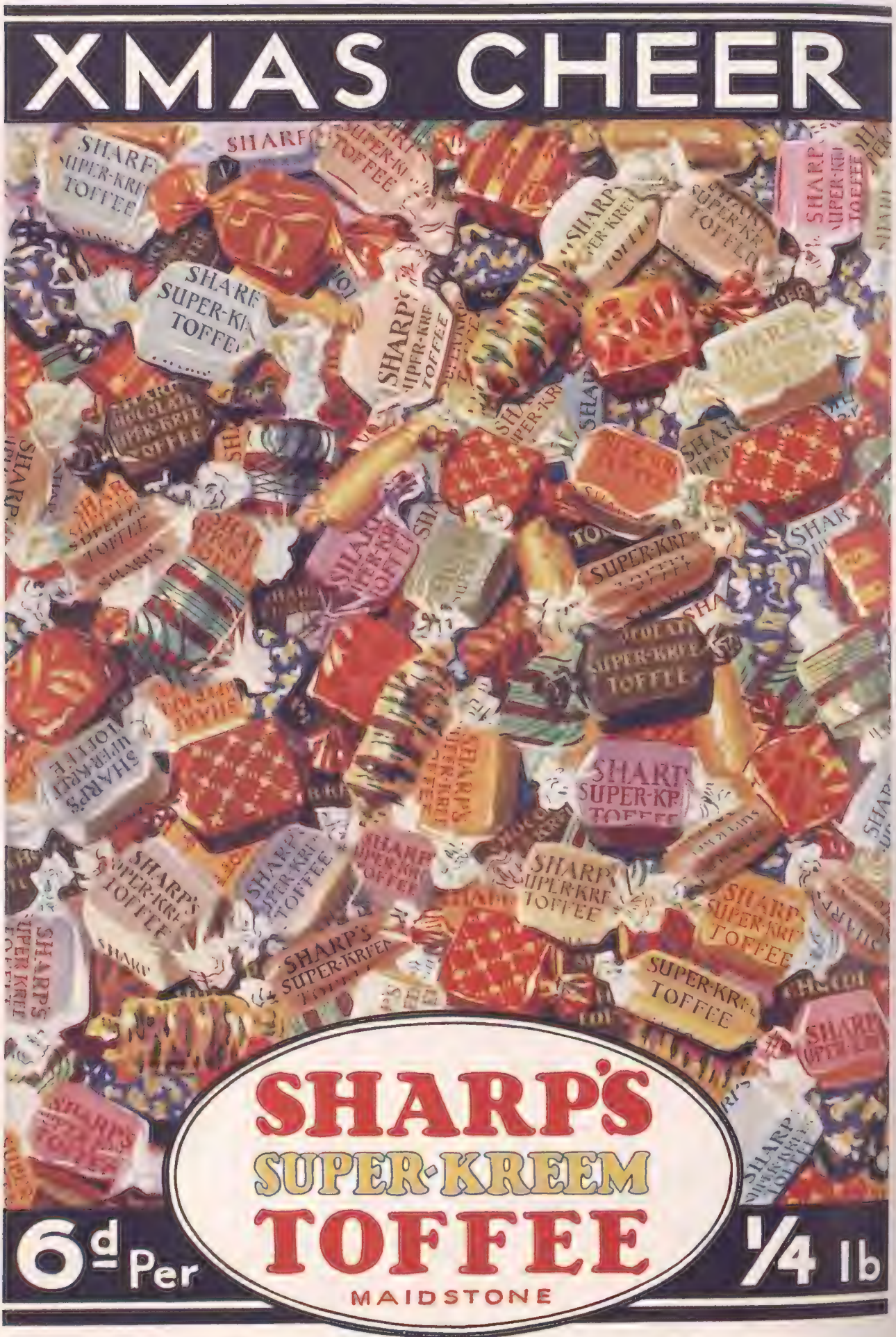
"Oh, shut up. You seem to understand English. Go to hell!"

By the Gangway

"GOOD-BYE, and a Merry Christmas. I do hope you'll enjoy your holiday on the Riviera. . . . Yes, of *course*, we must meet when we both return to Town . . . delighted to have met. . . . Good-bye. . . . Don't be so *obtuse*, Edward. . . . No, there's no harm in saying so. . . . Dreadful couple. . . . Thank goodness, that's the last we shall see of *them*!"

BY VAN ABBEY

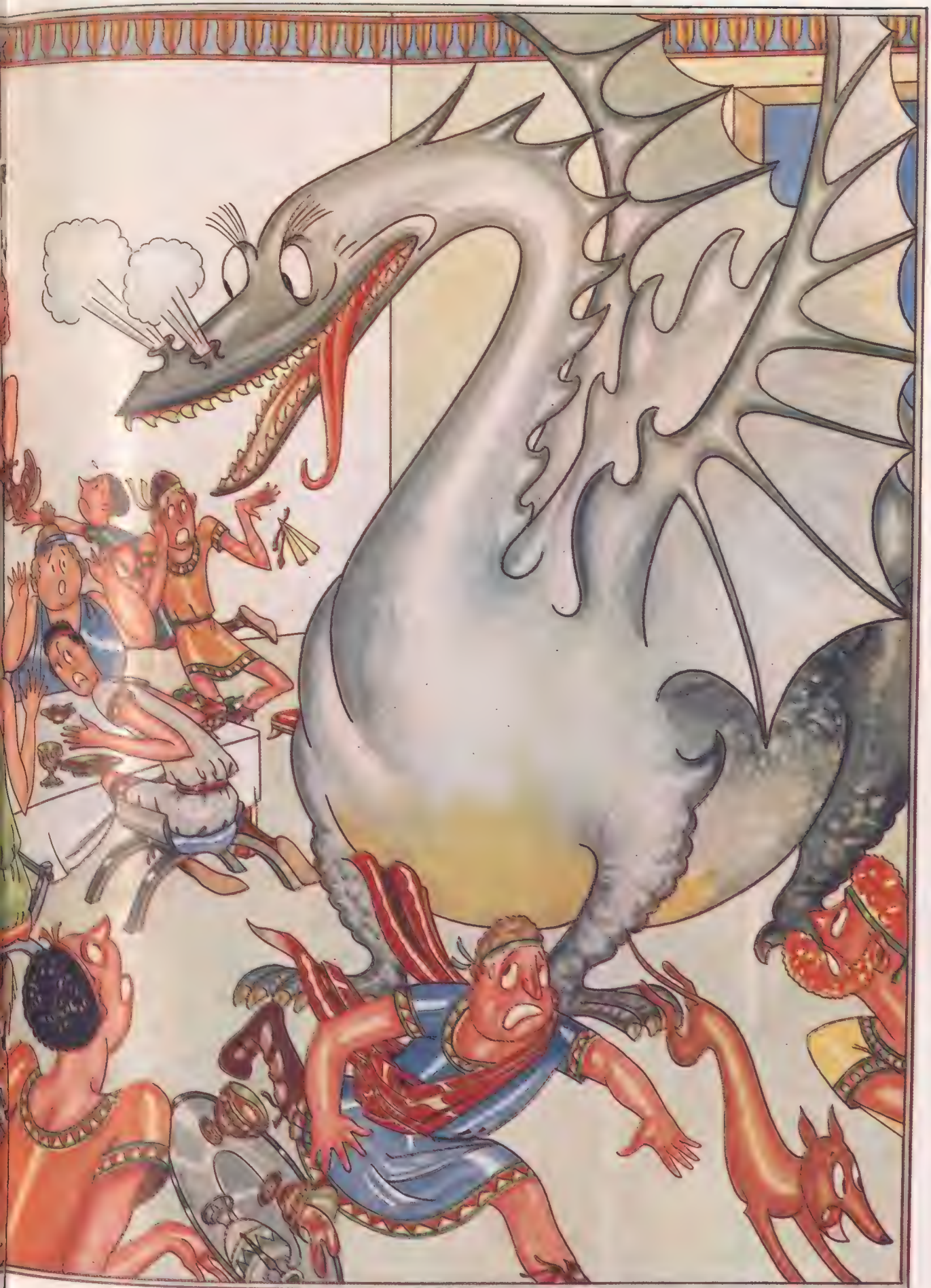
GRANDPAPA'S XMAS STOCKING . . !


XMAS CHEER
SHARP'S
SUPER-KREEM
TOFFEE
MAIDSTONE
6d Per ¼ lb

BY HYNES

"THE SINGING FOOL"

THE GATE



BY LESLIE BUTLER

CRASHER

W. A. DAVIS

A STITCH IN TIME

A Gift of PLAYER'S is always a happy inspiration

Player's Please

PLAYER'S Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes
50 tin 2'6
PLAYER'S Medium Navy Cut Tobacco
¼lb tin 4'2

"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

Also Blue Tins containing 100 for 4'10 and 150 for 7'3

N.C.C. 910.

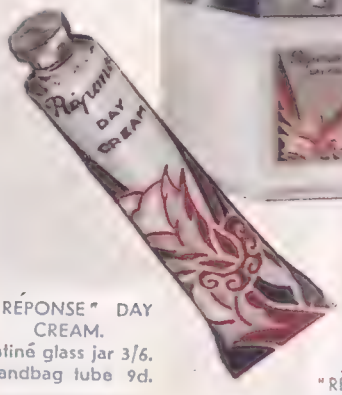
FROM PARIS TO YOU

To you from Paris comes an entirely new and delightful experience .... your first meeting with "Réponse" .... the new perfume that surpasses anything you have ever imagined. Its delicacy testifies to the designer's artistry and experience, whilst "Réponse" becomes for its user a delightful reflection of her good taste, and a definite part of her personality .... "Réponse."

"RÉPONSE" POUDRE. 2/- and 1/3. Obtainable in the following Shades: Naturelle, Rachel Claire, Rachel Foncé, Pêche, Rose Soleil and Sun-Tan.

THE TOUCH OF GENIUS

"RÉPONSE" PARFUM. Obtainable in two sizes. Price 6/6 & 12/6.



"RÉPONSE" DAY CREAM. Satiné glass jar 3/6. Handbag tube 9d.

"RÉPONSE" NIGHT CREAM Satiné glass jar 3/6.

DELICATE GIFTS FOR XMAS.

Special GIFT COFFRETS are also available. No. 1, containing small Perfume and Compacte, as illustrated 9/6. No. 2, containing large Perfume, Powder and jar of Day Cream 18/6.

"RÉPONSE" LIP STICKS. "Vif" or "Vermeil." Price 2/9.

"RÉPONSE" COMPACTE. Price 2/6 (Refill 1/6). Obtainable in the following shades: Naturelle, Rachel Claire, Rachel Foncé, Pêche, Rose Soleil and Sun-Tan.

LONDON: 182 Regent Street, W.1.
MANCHESTER: The Royal Exchange.
GLASGOW: 101-105 Sauchiehall St., C.2. Boots' Corner, Union Street and Argyle Street, C.1.
NOTTINGHAM: High St. and Pelham St.

Postage Paid, in Great Britain, on all orders value 20/- and over.

If desired, goods will be carefully packed for post, without extra charge.

Gift Boots Departments

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD., NOTTINGHAM

TOLD IN PIQUE

BY CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

Gladys Dukes was a frail, clinging little thing — and she certainly clung to her one great object in life like a lachrymose limpet. What that object was and how she finally achieved it is told in this entertaining story by one of the wittiest of our modern writers

Illustrated by GOODERHAM

THIS is a story of Gladys Dukes. She was the most ordinary woman you've ever met, turned in with mournfulness at the edges. At least, that's what *I* thought, and what *everybody* thought to start with.

She was nothing to look at, and less to listen to, believe me! She ran the same record seven days a week, and it always ended this way, "But, of course, I don't know much about it!"——and, believe me, she didn't!

But she had the Cinderella combination safe, and she knew how to work it. Since I watched her work, I've seen dozens of her kind of cat-burglar working, in broad daylight, right under their hostess's nose, quite unsuspected; but I've seen no one carry away quite such real treasure as our Gladys.

You wouldn't have given her a seat in the bus, or a hope in an Intelligence Test, and yet she had that mournful miaow that made you take her in and give her cream.

I'll tell you something else.

My belief is she'd got every move planned and tucked under her hat, neatly tied up, with no sign of the string showing. It was *we* who were on the string!

Now listen how she operated, and if you've got anyone you know in your circle being fifth wheel to Cinderella's coach, and playing the part herself, you chip in and remove her QUICK!

GLADYS DUKES was married yesterday at 2.30 at the smartest church in London by one bishop and two deans (relatives of the bridegroom) to one of the richest men in England.

She started in a corn-chandler's shop thirty-two years ago, and, believe me, there was no bushel there could hide *her* light. And now I will tell you the whole story.

Gladys Dukes was born in a corn-chandler's, and she afterwards worked in a successful bookie's office.

She was the kind that gets all-girlish with married women, and makes them feel quite young in the evening, *after* they've seen to everything. If you weren't careful you got quite fond of her, leading her up the garden, and telling her a few of the facts of life; never realising that her life had consisted largely of separating the chaff from the oats, and learning what the chaff *meant*.

She had a way of always looking as if she had not enough underclothes on, and creeping near the fire as if it were the only fire in the world, and you'd unfairly secured it.

I felt so sorry for her that I used to let her come and mew round our wainscoting once every fortnight.

"I wish I could do something for you, Gladys," I said.

And she said, "It is marvellous to come here and be in a real home. You see, I haven't any home. You've got such nice friends, too. I haven't any friends. They all love you so, and you've got such a nice circle. Why, they all depend on you! Parties aren't anything if you aren't there, and they all come to you for advice in trouble. It must be marvellous to be a person like you, and have a lot of friends. You've got such a lot of men friends, too, or at least *your husband* has. It must be wonderful to have friends."

Well, I tried to fix her up with some, the same as you fit a sockless tramp with a pair of your husband's socks on a cold day, so that you can go on enjoying your tea decently.

Now, my husband's got a treasure! He's our family treasure, though you simply can't touch him. He's my husband's brother, years older than any of the clan, and he's got a Rolls-Royce, and a Daimler as stable companion, and an Austin Sports as offspring, and he goes round and round the world trying to find fresh bits he hasn't noticed before, and when he's at home he sometimes goes and sees the family and takes them flowers. We talk about him continually because we don't know anything much about him. He is a legend, a tradition, an excitement, a hope chest, and everything!

"Gladys Dukes was married yesterday . . . at the smartest church in London"

(All rights strictly reserved)

We talked about him to Gladys. Gladys listened.

"You don't introduce him to people much, do you?" said Gladys.

As a matter of fact, we didn't. Not so much because with a rich man you don't know, but because you don't know till *after*, and then it's usually too late! It is no good pretending you'd ask all your friends to meet Father Christmas if he only came once a year, and then he only brought a tiny attaché case. One might just as well be honest.

Well, Gladys had done a spot of sampling of our boy friends, all unsuspected by me, before she met the family treasure.

THERE was Robert! "He took me out, darling, on Tuesday. Wasn't it too marvellous? He did *nothing* but talk about you. He says you are

the one real woman friend he has ever had. It must be too marvellous to affect people's lives like that, to have such influence with them. I don't think he'll ever marry—not while you live!"

And, believe me, or believe me not, I swallowed it—rod, line, and sinker!

Then there was old "Chas."—Charles Reynolds! He took her to the pictures. "And I owe it all to you, darling. You can't think how marvellous it is to have a man to take you round. I'm so grateful! It brightened me up for the entire week."

And there was that ass, Vernon Rosebery! He took her to a football match at Chelsea.

"All those masses and masses of people! One felt *in* life; no longer sort of outside everything! And I owe it to *you*, all this fun and frivolity I'm having."

I didn't mind her thinking a Chelsea football match on an ice-cold day in a fog *frivolity*! What woman would? Well, I mean. . . . But when I heard of Rosebery introducing her to his rich cousins, the Charlots, and they asking her to their dance, when he'd never introduced me, and I'd never been near the place——well, I wasn't so braced, but I didn't mind——much!

She was all dewy and rapt about it.

"It was marvellous! Oh, I do like your friends!"

Then she began to come into the open, and pick my friends over, and try and spot the winner.

"You might introduce me to Colonel Blake, darling. I'd like to meet him. I'd like to meet Dick Hawtry. He looked so interesting. Of course, you know so many interesting people. I suppose it's having *a husband* brings them in!"

I didn't fall for that.

By this time she'd got me in such a state of dither that I was almost ready to cry with vexation that I hadn't got an expansive bosom that billowed for her to put her head on and confide in me all about *my* boy friends!

The air was thick with Christian names.

"Oh, darling, Charles rang up last night and he'd got the most frightful cold. Did you know that Dick had lost his gold cigarette-case his guardian gave him?"

And then one night she came in, and my old man let out that the Family Treasure was coming. I scowled at him. I hoped I hadn't even given her the time to get out the bird-lime, so I said:—

"He and David have got business to discuss."

As a rule she went all sweet and reverent before the very word "business." Not so this night.

She said quite tersely, "Is he due yet?"

"Yes, in about ten minutes."

"All right. May I just run along to the bath-room and wash my hands?"

Eight minutes later the door-bell rang, and the maid let in Bruce, our family treasure.

Nine minutes later I beetled along to the bath-room to see if Gladys had fallen down the drain, and found her lying on the floor in what *looked* like anything but a dead faint, but *felt* like one.

David said, subsequently, that it felt like two faints and a grand piano.

ANYWAY, we plumped her on my bed, and there I restored her sufficiently to creep in and say good-bye to David and Bruce, and collapse again at their feet! After that it was the sofa!

There she lay looking like a mangled mouse, and Bruce, who collected several series of women and let them go again, looking at her out of the corner of his eye.

Was I angry? I could have strangled her with rough, ghoulish chuckles of glee!

When the pleasant evening had jerked away on intervals of palsied silence, Bruce suggested seeing Gladys home.

That I would *not* have!

"You must stay here, dar-ling," I said.

"Oh, I couldn't! I've got to go to work to-morrow."

And now I'll continue the story as recorded by the eye-witness within the Rolls-Royce, the eye-witness being our Family Treasure, who bleated it out subsequently when done in the eye by Gladys!

The moment they got in that halcyon taxi (in which I had never been in my life except to a pantomime with the children) it appears Gladys burst into a flood of tears.

"Now I shall never be allowed to go there again!" she moaned.

"Why on earth not?"

"I've met you!"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"People aren't allowed to meet you, and I couldn't help it. I fainted. I feel dreadfully ill now!"

"People aren't allowed to meet me?"

"'Come and dance,' said his lordship, as terse as anything"

"No, and I don't want anything from you. God knows I don't want anything from you! I don't want anything from anybody. And it was somewhere to go, something to do in the evenings. They've never wanted me to meet you."

"My dear child, you've got this all wrong."

"Oh, I haven't! I haven't! They'll never believe that I'm not after something. You see you're so dreadfully rich, and you can do such a lot for people. Oh, such a lot! You do such marvellous things! Didn't you see Dora was *livid*, simply livid! Couldn't you see how *beastly* she was to me? Couldn't you see she *hated* me coming away with you? Couldn't you see how hard she tried to stop it? She didn't want to keep me there the night. Not she! and they've been so good. She's been so sweet, and it is the only place I have to go in the evenings. They've even let me meet some people. Oh, you know—not people that mattered—mostly girls and old ladies, but, at any rate, it made a sort of circle for me. And now it's all passed because I've met you!"

She must have squirmed, and mewed, and "puled"—whatever Shakespeare meant by that—beside him.

'Look here, do you really mean I've landed you by bringing you home?"

"You've made it impossible for me to go again, absolutely impossible! You don't know how jealous they are of you!"

"Oh, but that's absurd. I'm not often in England. Besides, they're not my kind—I don't mean that. I'm terribly fond of David and all that, but I mean we move in very different circles. He's got a nice little house, a nice little wife and two kids . . "

Oh, yes, he told me that quite calmly after—— No man minds letting himself down so long as he drags the whole boiling after him!

Of course Bruce, the mutt, was entirely perplexed. Any man meeting Cinderella getting into a coach in 1929 is liable to find himself simultaneously in the cart.

Gladys went on crying wetly. She had the wettest tears I ever knew.

"Look here, I'll go back to old David and explain!"

"Oh, no, no, no, no, no! They'd think I'd said something."

"Well, haven't you?"

"Swear! Oh, give me your word of honour you'll never, never say anything! I shall break my heart if you ever say anything! They have been so good to me! Promise me! Give me your word of honour!"

"But how can I put it right if I'm not to say anything?"

"It doesn't matter if it isn't put right. After all, it is only I who suffer, and I'm used to being lonely."

"But, look here, I must do something to put this straight."

"You'll find I won't be asked there again."

"Oh, but that is absurd!"

"Ah, but it is true. People are jealous. It's so silly, and I'm so grateful for such a little, really. I said I'd like to meet you. I've said so hundreds of times, but I didn't mean it, and now it will be all misconstrued."

"Misconstrued into what?"

"Oh, you wouldn't understand. Just let's forget it. They'll drop me."

"Well, just let me go and see David in his office to-morrow. I mean, sort of man to man and all that . . ."

"Oh, no, no, no! He'd tell Dora everything, and then she'd be livid with me, oh, *livid!* I *don't* care! I mean I *do* care, but I *mustn't* care! I'll just slide out. You see, you don't entertain them very much, do you? I mean, you don't take them out much. Of course, it is none of my business, I know, but I mean they are sore about that, and then they will think that you might take *me* out. Oh, I don't mean that; you'll think I'm a dreadful kind of girl . . . only they are . . . well, I mean they are very exclusive about you."

"Well, look here! Perhaps we could all go out together and then I'd give them a pretty decent time. Ask them to bring you along. I mean, if I asked it as a sort of favour. . . . I'm going abroad again pretty soon—South Africa. Yes, by Jove, that's not a bad scheme. I'll send Dora to Paquin or Lanval or one of those people to get a new rig out. I'll telephone her to-morrow, and then I'll give a party and say, 'Bring an extra woman, I've got too many men. Bring that little thing who was so ill that night. I forget her name.'"

"Yes, yes! please forget my name."

"Well, I have."

"Have you? Well, it's Gladys."

"Well, then, I'll say 'Bring Gladys,' and we'll give them a very posh party at a very posh place—rivers of champagne and what not. Dinner and a good show, musical comedy, I think. Old David can't stick anything else; and then supper at one of the clubs. We'll choose a cabaret night. Now can you think of anything they'd like better?"

"Oh, yes!"

"What?"

"I can think of one thing—oh, please, please don't misunderstand. It's Dora. You know Lord Ribston-Powell?"

"What, old Ribbe Towel? Well, what of that?"

"Well, he's got a title."

"Yes, I know he's got a title."

"Well, but titles. . . . Oh, you'll think me a frightful snob; oh, you'll think me such a cad, and they've been so kind to me. I can't tell you *how* kind! It's made my life so bright and gay going there to tea sometimes, and being allowed to stay to supper and help with the washing-up and the children and everything. Well, I mean . . . you know . . . oh, please, *please* don't misunderstand or think me a snob, only he's got a title, and it would be nice for Dora to sort of mention casually, 'When I was dining last night with Lord Ribston-Powell.' Oh, it is all very well for you to sit there and laugh. You see, your world is so different, you really don't know. It would thrill her, simply thrill her."

She began to cry again. Well, in the end, silly old Bruce, he fell for the first trick in the end. He promised to fix the whole thing up just as she said. More than that, he thought it was his own bright idea before she left him.

Then he deposited her on the doorstep.

Next morning he telephoned me and fixed a party.

He said casually, "Bring a girl. I've got too many men."

I mentioned two or three who had not been in my mind for weeks as if they lived there, but I never mentioned Gladys, who had been sitting on the top all night banging the big drum.

"Bring that girl Gladys," he said. "I bet you she gets a pretty mouldy time."

And that was that.

In the dressing room Gladys mentioned en passant (and was the most en passant thing I ever ran after) that Bruce had asked her down on his yacht for the week-end.

Now I was livid. He never asked David or me. People we knew used to say, "I see your husband's brother's yacht

won again at Cowes this year," and we used to look all bright and knowing, and we were sick as mud we'd never been on her.

"Can't go without a chaperon."

"Oh, he'll fix that. He knows that," said Gladys, "And I wouldn't, either. He knows that, too."

Of course, I was up-stage with her, and I can no more pretend than I can fly, and I'm proud of it . . . but I'm rarely glad about it after.

David said afterwards I was frigid.

Now do you begin to see the machinations of that Machiavellian mouse? She created the atmosphere that she said her acquaintance with Bruce had created for her, and, believe me, it lasted throughout the meal like a pea-soup fog.

There was some other girl, I really can't remember who. I was so angry, and there was Lord Ribston-Powell, the richest young sporting peer in England.

Now when it came to his turn to dance with Gladys, Gladys murmured into the microphone of his diamond stud, quite clearly enough for him to hear:

"Oh, please, please, take me home. I can't bear it any more."

"Bear what any more?"

"Haven't you noticed the atmosphere?"

"No, I can't say I have!"

"Mr. Bruce is livid with me, just livid. So's his sister-in-law now, because she's done the wrong thing in bringing me. She didn't know *you* were coming, and he didn't want me to meet you."

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh, of course you don't know. Oh, I'm so worried. I'd rather go home. Honestly, I'd rather go home. It has spoiled everything."

"I still don't know what you're driving at."

"Oh, a man like you wouldn't. But, you see, you've got a title and you're in the newspapers, and oh, you'll think me a dreadful, dreadful snob, a most unspeakable snob! But, you see, Mr. Bruce forgot to tell Dora that you were coming. He just told her to bring a friend, and she thought it would be a little outing for me, and she brought the wrong girl."

"I'm sure you are exaggerating."

"Oh, no, I'm not, and I feel so terribly, terribly humiliated. Don't you see how furious he is with Dora, and Dora is with him?"

"Well, I must say I thought she seemed a bit crisp."

"Crisp! Oh, of course I do see, and I've not lost my sense of proportion. It is all very funny to you, but to me it is terrible. I feel so apologetic, such a worm!"

"Here, I say! You mustn't feel all those things. I mean it doesn't help a bit, you know."

"I can't help it. You should have seen his face when he saw it was me."

"But I think you're perfectly sweet! I do, really! I think you're a perfectly sweet little thing! I do indeed! I feel sure you are making an awful mountain out of a molehill."

"'Um! Well, you watch the molehill heave when I go back to it. I tell you they're ashamed of me!"

"Oh, I say, that's a bit too strong!"

"All right, you watch."

"Bruce, our family treasure"

WELL, of course, Gladys would come back and give me a look that fairly riled me.

It was that Cinderella stuff got me on the raw. I felt like the ugly step-sisters when they saw their cut off toes still waggling on the floor and Cinderella advertising "the perfect fit!"

Gladys cooed, "Isn't it perfectly marvellous here? I've never seen anything like it in my life."

To which I said tartly, "No. I'm quite sure you haven't."

Believe me or believe me not, two orphan tears started their long journey down her face.

"Come and dance," said his lordship, as terse as anything, as he shepherded Gladys and her couple of orphans intc the middle of the floor, leaving me both gawping and gasping.

Of course, Bruce and Lord Ribston-Powell have never spoken since, and none of us were at the wedding.

On the next morning his lordship telephoned Bruce and summed up the whole situation in a quite masterly way, like a magistrate who is simply bilious with bias.

If it is a Gregorian chant that repeats itself—and I have an idea that it is—his lordship's Hispano-Suiza echoed with the whole choral service that night. I gathered that the refrain was this:—

I ain't a-going to see them no more, no more,
I ain't a-going to see them no more!
And what in the world will the poor girl do
If she ain't a-going to see them no more?

His lordship was completely upset. He kept on saying:

"By Jove, I believe there's something in it. They were pretty mouldy! You poor little girl! You poor little thing! They were pretty mouldy; but I say, does it really matter? I mean, the world's full of people, nice people, who would be only too glad to be nice to a poor little thing like you. I shouldn't bother about them."

And then he deposited her on her doorstep.

"Now I shall ring you up to-morrow, all bright and early, and I'm sure you will feel quite different about all this."

"People like myself don't have a telephone."

"No! Well, I tell you what, I'll call round in the evening and we'll go off and have a spot of dinner together quietly, and we'll talk this over. I'm sure things will be all right by then."

"Oh, I shan't be here to-morrow."

"Going away for the week-end?"

"People like myself never go away for the week-end. I'm moving!"

"Aren't you comfortable?"

(Continued on page iv)

"Next morning he telephoned me and fixed a party. 'Bring that girl Gladys,' he said, 'I bet she has a pretty mouldy time'"

M.F.H.: "Well, thanks, I will! There's nothing like a long day in the saddle to make one appreciate the good things of life, and this brandy of yours is uncommon good. What is it—'65'?"

Old Stager: "Pooh! That seems to be the only idea some of you young fellows have about a brandy—what the date is supposed to be. If you're buying hounds at Rugby, what do you look for? How they are bred, who bred 'em, and their points. Same thing with brandy. The name of the shipper shows the breeding of a brandy—its points speak for themselves. This is Martell's Cordon Bleu, 35 years old."

M.F.H.: "I see. By Age out of Quality, you mean."

MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

GUARANTEED 35 YEARS IN CASK

Obtainable from all first-class Wine Merchants

CANTERBURY LAMB

By
ANN
ABERCROMBY

Illustration by CLIVE UPTON

"But your wife . . . ?"
"She has a pouch under her chin . . ."
"Ivan, look! Have I?"
"You delicious baby, NO!"

DOLORES had always said that as soon as she was thirty-five she was going to turn over a new leaf and become a reformed character. Nobody believed her. She was a restless, clever creature, with a funny, fair duskiness of skin and hair, a wide mouth, looming eyes the colour of green shadows in a wood, beautiful legs, and a voice not very clear but wonderfully caressing. To men she was completely intoxicating, always had been and always would be, because such was her nature.

The husband of Dolores was a most proper and virtuous man. Quite why he had married Dolores he never knew, neither did Dolores nor any of her lovers know. Nobody had the least idea. He was a man without enthusiasm, and his favourite sweet was non-alcoholic trifle. That was the type of man he was. Dolores, to do her justice, recognised, as who would not, that he was a very good man and absolutely faithful to her; neither did he drink, swear, gamble, lie or waste money. In fact, he was enough in himself to send any self-respecting woman to the Devil, only, of course, Dolores had gone there before, so he could not, in all fairness, be blamed for that. Nobody had suggested he should be.

The affairs of Dolores had been many and fervent, and she had been just as entrancing in hobble skirts and Merry Widow hats as she was now in a béret pulled rakishly to one side, and her knees, neither too fat nor too scraggy, continually being displayed either by the wind or the way she sat. Her undies tended to apricot shades except when she was going to be what is described by the low as very "ish," when the possibilities of a dazzling skin beneath black georgette was appreciated at its market value. The husband, who slept for safety in another wing of their Park Lane residence, did not even know the technical difference between a chemise and a "chimmy"—one being manufactured of calico and the other of the stuff that dreams are made of—so that it would have been the sheerest extravagance to waste georgette, or anything else, on him. He, poor man, in his Jaeger pyjamas, preserved his health at the expense of all earthly enjoyment.

WHEN Dolores thought of her husband it was with sorrow, because he was bald, and because the end of his nose was blue and his eyes shallow and watery without one gleam of anything in them. Every day was the same to him except for the news in the papers; while for Dolores every day was different and full to the brim of adventure.

Now it happened that when Dolores was due to turn over that new leaf along came Ivan, a rakish forty-five, and pretty fed up with his own wife, who was putting on flesh and reverting to type. A great, big, brawny man this Ivan, with those eyes which look at a woman lazily and then greedily, and a very promising mouth—neither pinched nor loose, but with something almost wistful about it, as though it had always been a wee bit starved of love—which it never had. He wrote the scrawliest of undecipherable love-letters, which Dolores read under the codfish eyes of her husband, thrilled, and looked ten times younger than ever . . but she must not forget she was thirty-five. To her credit she made no secret of her age to Ivan or anybody else.

"You young thing!" he laughed, and took her face between his large hands, rubbing her nose with his own, and then biting it—he did that sort of thing delightfully; he was a delightful person.

"But your wife . . . ?"

"She has a pouch under her chin . . ."

"Ivan, look! Have I?"

"You delicious baby, NO!" He said that bit against her throat in a tickly way, but when he had risen to the surface again Dolores said:

"Supposing I grew one?"

"You never would."

The absolute conviction in Ivan's voice was easy to assimilate when he was there because of the glint of the sunshine on his burnished head, his laughing, ardent eyes, his reprehensible ways which all made her feel helplessly young and gloriously happy. Nobody, knowing Ivan, could have blamed her. But when Ivan was not there a

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 54)

She'd love a new clip-on brooch for Christmas!

★ Every jewel shown on this page is priced at **21/-**

The 'clip-on' is the fashion of the moment. Observe the smart woman lunching at Fairidges. Her hat, and perhaps the lapel of her coat, is relieved by a delicately jewelled 'clip-on.' You could not find lovelier versions of the 'clip-on' — or of any other fashionable jewel — than those created by Ciro. They are designed with a proper severity of taste and priced from as low as a guinea.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

We invite you to call and see the Ciro collections at any Ciro Salon. Or we will gladly send you a Ciro Necklet or jewel on receipt of its cost. If after a fortnight your choice is found to be unsuitable, we will willingly exchange it, or return your money in full. Send for the new catalogues—"Ciro Pearls" or "Ciro Jewellery."

JEWELLERY
ciro pearls
JEWELLERY

CIRO PEARLS LTD. (Dept. 7), 178 REGENT STREET AND 48 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

CITY: 120 Cheapside, E.C.
LEEDS: 38 Briggate.
DUBLIN: at Switzers.
MANCHESTER: 14 St. Ann's Sq.
BIRMINGHAM: 121 New St.
BRISTOL: at J. F. Taylor, Ltd.
LIVERPOOL: 23 Church St.
SHEFFIELD: 23 Fargate.
EDINBURGH: at Jenners.
GLASGOW: 95 Buchanan St.
BERLIN { 106 Leipzigerstrasse. 14 Unter den Linden.

CANTERBURY LAMB (*continued from page 52*)

disconcerting doubt began creeping in and out of her mind, because, after all, she *was* thirty-five but five years off forty? She detected lines and wrinkles on her face she had never seen before . . . and how about the third tooth from the left? If her teeth began to decay . . . if her hair grew greasily grey . . . if she developed rheumatism in her lovely, slim-kneed legs? All catastrophes worse, if anything, than pouches. It was when these inevitable things happened that faithful and tedious husbands came into their own. They never noticed, never having noticed anything about one since one's honeymoon; they didn't love one less, because they didn't love one at all. At least, not what Ivan meant by love. It was these considerations which kept wise women virtuous. They realised how soon a woman's life is over and how a man must pay in boredom for what he robs them in youth.

IVAN was becoming more and more impatient. What should she do? She couldn't sleep at night for thinking of it, and in the morning looked every moment of thirty-five after a bad night . . . and then, to crown all, she had a birthday and became thirty-six, or four years off forty! Ivan sent her a flask of scent with an indecent French name, and pink georgette pyjamas embroidered with his own initials—and also a string of pearls. At night she had dinner with him. She looked radiantly lovely and as young as a girl of twenty. Nobody would have taken her for anything like her real age.

Ivan made no attempt to eat. His hands kept creeping across the table to hers.

"Let's cut off and go to-night . . ." Ivan said.

"But, Ivan, I'm thirty-six . . ."

"Child, I love you so. . ."

But she didn't go—not that night; and, to be quite honest, it was not morality which held her in check, but vanity pure and simple.

More sleepless nights, more restless days; lines, and yet more lines; horrid little dry wrinkles down by her chin; and her hair was coming out—the warm, scented waves where Ivan buried his face and said the things he was feeling. Nobody knows the things which Ivan felt—or said.

For the very first time on record Dolores envied her husband his dull and simple life of reading and sleeping and sleeping and reading. She grew to watching him with wistful eyes—a good man with a clear conscience who had not the least idea what love was—an innocent, worthy citizen who respected the Law and lived according to the letter.

"Egbert," she said one day, for that was indeed his name, and she had to raise her lovely caressing voice because he was just a little deaf, whereas Ivan could hear her in his heart even when she spoke not at all, "Egbert, if you wanted something very much would you risk anything to get it?"

Egbert was rather flattered at his advice being asked.

"Nothing venture, nothing have," said he, and the hour being immediately after lunch relapsed once more into sleep.

WITH a little gleeful laugh Dolores ran upstairs, two steps at a time, and packed and repacked a suit case a dozen times before she recollected that Ivan would probably prefer her without any clothes; and after that it was easy. She was very excited and very happy sitting on the edge of her bed waiting for the dusk to come, which it seemed as though it never would, though finally it did, creeping out of the corners, swooping down from the ceiling, rising like a tide over the floor, very soft and enveloping like the first stages of love . . . so she and Ivan went off to Paris that night. It was wonderful. It far transcended anything she had expected . . . Ivan was . . . he was, really . . . anyone could tell by the look of him that he would be . . . he was made that way. Moreover, he was madly in love with Dolores, and he never thought of anything but her. So that was all right and quite satisfactory.

The years went by just as quickly as Dolores had known they would. The third tooth on the left had to be sacrificed and she had a gold one put in instead which Ivan kissed whenever she laughed. She spent hours in beauty parlours and her skin was a marvel—her hair did *not* grow greasily grey, and no pouch appeared beneath her lovable chin. Ivan adored her. He had no eyes for anyone else, he all but ate her up; and when he was not actually eating her he was worshipping her at a distance. She never had affairs with other men now, it took her all her time to keep young and cope with the ardours of Ivan . . . the only thing was, she was very tired, because it is no use merely looking youthful, one must cultivate youthful enthusiasms, a youthful manner—and, truth to tell, Dolores was rapidly aproaching that stage in her life when all she really wanted to do was to knit bootees for her grandchildren who were not, read the papers through horn-rimmed glasses, and be shocked and surprised at the ways of the rising generation, such as divorcing themselves and refusing to have babies and all that.

By De Robec

THE VOLUPTUOUS ONE: "Stand in front of me, Gaston, my suspenders are broken!"

NOW Ivan might have a lot of wrinkles, and his most attractive moustache was certainly grey, but he possessed a boy's spirits without effort, and never as much as suspected what his ever-youthful wife was suffering.

But Dolores began to feel that she couldn't go on much longer. She even felt that life had not dealt fairly with her, she who had never enjoyed the glorious emancipation of spreading, wrinkling middle-age—the abandonment of unpowdered perspiration, the laissez-faire of unwaved hair, the complete freedom from the love of man which it is every woman's right to expect after forty-five . . . let some younger woman tackle Ivan's perpetual fervour . . . there were plenty of them about, and they all seemed eager enough . . . but Ivan wouldn't look at them. Not he! She felt she wanted to sleep and sleep and sleep, but Ivan was continually knocking at the door and disturbing her.

"Oh, go away!" she cried out petulantly at last, burying her face in the eiderdown.

"But, my dear, the tea's getting stewed and that always upsets me."

Dolores sat up with a start.

"Egbert . . . . . !"

Who would have guessed it had only been a dream? A. A.

BY JACK GREENALL

The absent-minded Customs Inspector welcomes his Christmas guests

BY VERNON WARD

FROSTY WEATHER

DINNEFORD'S
PURE FLUID
MAGNESIA

An Agreeable Medicine

As a laxative Dinneford's has been in use for over a hundred years, and is recommended by doctors as thoroughly safe and effective for use in cases of Acidity of the Stomach, Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Gravel, Headache, Heartburn, Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious Affections, &c.

Dinneford's Magnesia can be made into a pleasant drink by diluting it with three parts of water and adding a little lemon juice.

FOR FULL INSTRUCTIONS READ PAMPHLET ENCLOSED WITH EACH BOTTLE.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.

Manufactured in London for the past 100 years.

Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

REFRESHING AND INVIGORATING

WONDERFUL FOR THE COMPLEXION

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP

The Hub of Happiness for the whole family

MOTHER KNOWS IT'S GOOD FOR HIM

SOOTHING FOR BABY

6d. per tablet.

The Perfect Bracelet for the Perfect Hand

The test of perfection is not judgment by appearance only. Durability must be a determining factor ere the beauty of a moment is proclaimed a joy for ever.

When estimating the perfection claimed for "BRITANNIC" WATCH BRACELETS it should be remembered that they have been subjected to the special test of a unique machine demanding the opening and closing of the bracelet 100,000 times and that they are fully guaranteed for five years, during which they will be maintained and springs renewed, should such an unlikely need occur, free of charge through any jeweller.

The Perfect Gift is a—

BRITANNIC

EXPANDING WATCH BRACELET

The Most Famous in the World

On sale at all good-class jewellers, in various widths, complete with watches, in various styles from 4 guineas; or "BRITANNIC" Expanding Bracelets alone with hooks to replace straps.

Write for illustrated list, or if any difficulty about guarantee, to

B C M/BRITANNIC, 4, LONDON.

The First Special Hospital in London for the Treatment of Cancer.

NO LETTERS. **NO PAYMENTS.**

Fully equipped and specially staffed for the better treatment and research into the causes of cancer. A certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases, who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR £150,000 For a new Radiological Block and other extensions which will add 80 Beds to the Hospital,

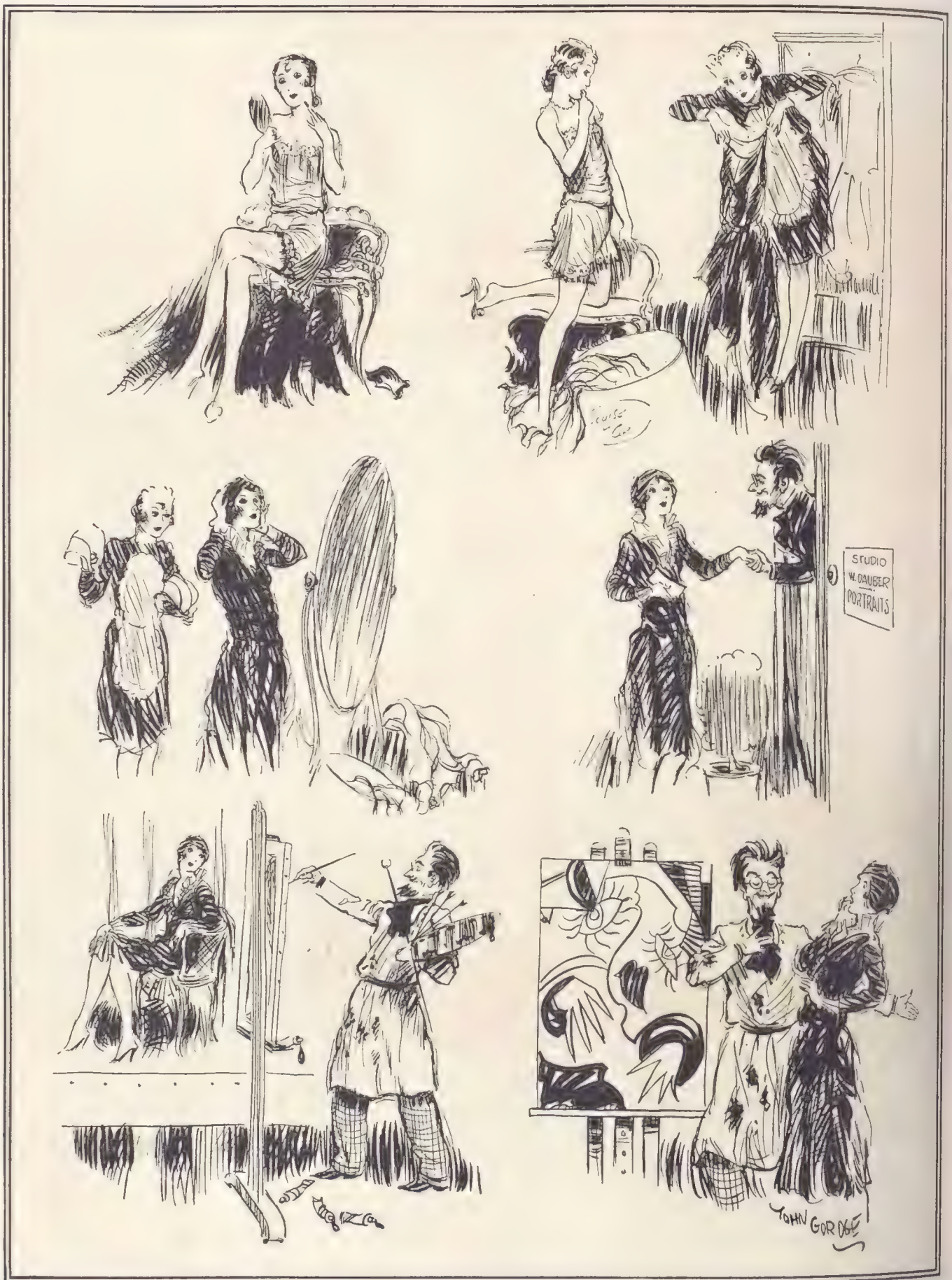
AND ALSO FOR RADIUM

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)

Founded 1851. Research Institute built 1910

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

Bankers—COUTTS & CO., 440, Strand, W.C. J. Courtney Buchanan, Secretary.



BY JOHN GORDGE

NOT A DRESS AFFAIR!

POURPRE d'ORIENT
(CRIMSON of the ORIENT)
POURPRE
ROGER
GALLET
ROGER & GALLET
PARIS
royds

DEWAR'S

In that well-known bottle — for your own sideboard and cellar. In these rich brown Doulton flagons to send as seasonable gifts to your friends. In those convenient flasks for the pocket — to keep you warm on wintry journeys — to keep you well till summer comes again. In one and all these the same famous whisky. With its familiar name — Dewar's "White Label." Admirable choice! Wise in selecting your whisky — apt in the way you give it!

Wonderful Whisky ● "WHITE LABEL"

INDISCRETION

"Be sure your sins will find you out" is an old copybook maxim the truth of which is emphasised in this starkly realistic story by Daphne du Maurier. But even more to the point would appear to be the old truism which asserts that "silence is golden," as the three central characters in this tale found to their respective costs

"You're no advertisement for the time of the year,' he said, 'come out and have a bite of lunch'"

Illustrations by LEO BATES

by

Daphne du Maurier

I WONDER how many people's lives are ruined by a moment's indiscretion. The wrong word at the wrong time—and then finish to all their dreams. They have to go on living with their tongues bitten a second too late. No use calling back the spoken word. What is said is said.

I know three people who have been made to suffer because of a chance sentence flung into the air. One of them was myself. I lost my job through it. The other fellow lost his ideals; and the woman . . . well, I guess she did not have much left to lose, anyway. Maybe she lost her one chance of security. I have not seen either of them since. The curt typewritten letter came from him a week later. I packed up then and cleared away from London, leaving the shreds of my career in the waste-paper basket. In less than three months I read an announcement in a weekly rag that he was claiming a divorce. The whole thing was so needless, too. A word from me—and a word from her. And all through that sordid little street that runs between Shaftesbury Avenue and Leicester Square.

WE stood at the door of the office, he and I. It was cold, it was December. I had a cold in the head, and I did not want to think about Christmas. He came out of his private office and gave me a genial clap on the shoulder.

"You're no advertisement for the time of the year," he said, "come out and have a bite of lunch."

I thanked him. It is not every day, or every Christmas for that matter, that one's chief broadcasts his invitations. We went to his favourite restaurant in the Strand. I felt better once I had a plateful of beef before me, but even so his own exuberance irritated me, his easy laugh, his familiarity with the waiter. He had the audacity to place a sprig of holly in his buttonhole.

"Look here, Chief," I said. "What's the big idea? Are you going to play Santa Claus at a kids' party?"

He laughed loudly, a spot of gravy at the corner of his mouth.

"No," he said, "I'm going to be married." I made the usual retort.

"I'm not joking," he went on. "I'm telling you the truth. They all know at the office. Told 'em before I left this morning. Kept it secret up till now because I didn't want a scene. Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

I watched his smug, self-satisfied expression.

"Hell!" I said. "You don't know what I think about women."

He laughed again. His mood was ridiculous.

"This is different," he told me, "this is the real thing. I've found her at last—the only girl. You know, I'm fond of you, my dear fellow, I'm glad you came along to lunch."

I made some sort of noise of sympathy.

"It's all very sudden, of course," he said, "but I believe in that. I like everything cut and dried. None of your hanging about. We're going to Paris this evening, while this afternoon there will be a short ceremony at a registry office." He pulled out his watch. "In exactly an hour's time," he said, "I shall be a married man."

"Where's your bride?" I asked.

"Packing," he smiled foolishly. "I only decided this

(All rights strictly reserved)

trip yesterday evening. You'll have a tremendous amount of work at the office, I'm afraid, before the Christmas rush."

He leant forward, patronising, confidential. "I have a great deal of faith in you," he said, "I've watched you these last few months. You're going to do big things. I don't mind saying . . ." he lowered his voice as though people listened and cared . . . "I don't mind saying I shall depend on you in the future to work like blazes. You'd like a rise, wouldn't you? Might think of getting married yourself?"

I saw his friendly beam without emotion, and remembered with cynicism a proverb about "a little something makes the whole world kin." I thought of a word that would fit. "That's extremely good of you," I said, "but I shan't marry."

"You're a cynic," he said. "You've no illusions. You see all women in the same pattern. I'm twice your age and look at me—the happiest man alive."

"Perhaps I've been unlucky,' I said. "Maybe I've struck the wrong type."

"AH!" he said, "a bad picker. That's fatal. I flatter myself," he opened his mouth to admit a fork-load of food, "that I have chosen well. You young men are so bitter about life," he went on, "no romance."

Romance! The word conjured a vision in my mind of a dark night with the rain falling, and a small face turned to me, weeping, her hat pulled low over her eyes. The last taxi driving away from the Empire Cinema; men and women in evening dress, hurrying, bent under umbrellas.

"Romance!" I said. "That's funny." Funnier still the way I caught hold of that one word. It would have been so easy to let it go.

I thought for a moment, turning it over in my head.

"The last time I heard that word," I said, "was from the lips of a girl. I'm not likely to forget it in a hurry."

He glanced at me enquiringly, surprised at the note in my voice.

"More bitterness?" he suggested. "Why don't you tell me about it? You're such a silent fellow you never give yourself away."

"'I'm most frightfully sorry,' I began. 'Have I hurt you? Is there anything I can do?' She made as if to brush past me"

"Oh! It's a dull story," I said, "scarcely worth listening to! Besides, you're going to be married in an hour's time."

"Come on," he laughed, "out with it."

I shrugged my shoulders, yawning slightly, and reached for a cigarette.

"I RAN up against her in Wardour Street," I said. "Queer sort of place for an adventure, if you come to think of it. Almost too obvious, perhaps. It's scarcely a beat of mine, anyway. I'm a retiring sort of chap, as you know, don't go out much. Hate meeting people, and that kind of thing. Never go to theatres, never go to parties. Can't afford it, for that matter. My life is spent between the office down in the City and my rooms in Kensington. I read a lot, hang around museums on Saturdays. Let's admit it, I'm damn dull! But the point is that I scarcely know the West End at all. So that this particular Wardour Street was unfamiliar to me. About six months ago I came back from the office one evening feeling fed to the world. You know how one gets—nervy, irritable, thoroughly dissatisfied with life in general.

"I hated my rooms suddenly, and I felt that any minute my landlady would come in and tell me about her sister who was 'expecting' again. It occurred to me out of the blue then, this idea to go up West. I took the Tube to Leicester Square. When I came into the street I had a glance at the photographs hanging outside the Hippodrome, but I saw by the boards that the show had already begun. So I walked a little farther, and I came to the Empire. I loathe cinemas, never go inside 'em as a rule, but I was feeling so down and depressed that I said to myself, "Why not?" and I went inside, paying my humble two and fourpence, with a slight sensation of shame. Have you ever been to the Empire? In the old days, naturally, but since they've turned it into a cinema? Well, let me tell you that the chap who owns that place is a genius. He caters for fools like me who are fed up with the office, and their lodgings, and their loneliness. There are seats especially made for tired backs, and the lighting arrangements are sufficiently intriguing, and the darkness is even more intriguing.

"THERE'S an organ that throbs a sentimental tune, and when you're soaked with this and rubbing knees with your next-door neighbour, they fling a picture on to the screen calculated to send you soft inside. That night I was in the right mood. Ready to absorb the utmost trash and be diluted with it. They kept on giving close-ups of the blonde heroine; she seemed to be staring right at me. The usual theme, of course. Lovely innocent girl in love with handsome hero, and the dark blackguard stepping in and trying to ruin her. You're kept on tenterhooks as to whether he ruins her or whether he doesn't. He doesn't, of course, and she finishes with the handsome hero. But even then it leaves you unsatisfied. No real love scenes for your money—only a caption saying, 'Then Came the Dawn!' The show at the Empire goes on until midnight. I sat through it twice, and stumbled out of my seat at twelve o'clock, still living in a land of make-believe.

"WHEN I got outside it was raining. Through a haze I saw people crouching under umbrellas, whisking into taxis. I saw all this as a dream, in my mind I was watching the blonde heroine shut the opening of that tent in the desert. . . 'Then Came the Dawn.' 'B—— rot,' I said to myself, and turning up my collar I began to walk, my head low, hating the rain.

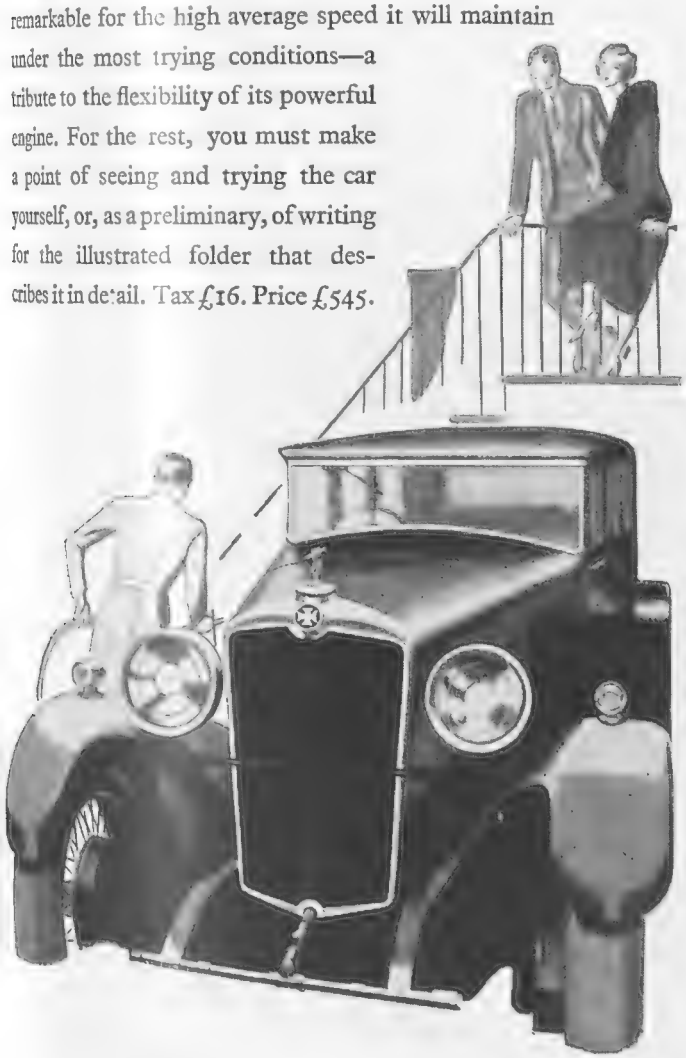
"So I found myself in Wardour

(Continued on page 65)

"That's the car—the new SILVER CROSSLEY"

Sensational? If the production of a new car that combines all the qualities most desired by motorists can rightly be described as a sensation, then Crossleys have certainly created one.

Consider the Silver Crossley from every point of view—power, dash, comfort, style, endurance. On a foundation of all the traditional Crossley virtues certain new features and finishing touches have been introduced into this model. Twin-top gearbox, self-energising brakes, chromium plating and safety glass throughout, unusually low petrol consumption, these are but a few of the Silver Crossley's special points. It is also remarkable for the high average speed it will maintain under the most trying conditions—a tribute to the flexibility of its powerful engine. For the rest, you must make a point of seeing and trying the car yourself, or, as a preliminary, of writing for the illustrated folder that describes it in detail. Tax £16. Price £545.



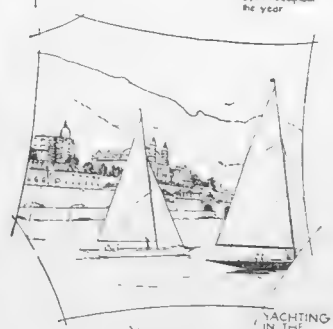
See also the 20.9 model

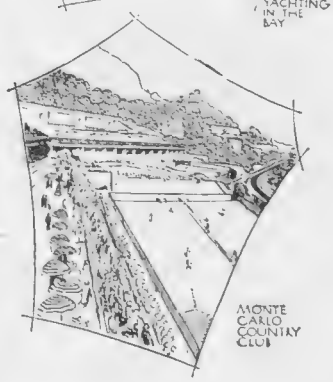
CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., MANCHESTER

London Showrooms: 20 Conduit St., W.1. *Service Depot:* 50 Page St., S.W.1

Visit Monte Carlo

where sunshine is assured!





SEASON'S EVENTS

WORLD-FAMOUS CASINO.
Open all the year round. Play from 10 a.m till 2 a.m.

SPORTING CLUB.
Society's select Rendezvous.

THE THEATRE.
From November to Mid-January. Comedy, Operetta, and Ballet Season, including selection of plays in English.

OPERA.
From Mid-January to Mid-April. Chefs-d'œuvre of the greatest masters with the world's foremost artists.

MUSIC.
An uninterrupted cycle of Classical, Modern, Symphonic Concerts and Grand Festivals, with the renowned Monte Carlo orchestra, under the leadership of the celebrated conductor, M. Paul Paray, and other famous orchestral leaders. Recitals by virtuosi.

THE CINEMA.
Silent and Talkies. With all the latest films, featuring the most prominent artists of the day.

FETES, GALAS, BALLS.
The most gorgeous and elaborate of their kind.

SPORTS.
Golf, Tennis, Bathing, Fishing, Yachting, Excursions.

AUTOMOBILISM.
The popular trilogy which comprises the Rally, Elegance Competition, and the Grand Prix, or "The Race in the Town."

FENCING TOURNAMENTS, DOG SHOW, ART EXHIBITION, &c.

THE MONTE CARLO BEACH AND HOTEL

"King George IV"
It Speaks for Itself
A "Sound" Production
by THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD.
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
EDINBURGH
959B

INDISCRETION (continued from page 62)

"'Here's the bride,' he said. 'I want you two to be great friends'"

Street. I remember glancing up at the name on the corner. A few minutes later somebody bumped into me. It was a girl. Thinly dressed, I noticed, not carrying an umbrella.

"'I beg your pardon,' I said. She looked up at me, a little white face under a hat pulled low over her brow. Then to my horror she burst into tears.

"'I'm most frightfully sorry,' I began, 'have I hurt you? Is there anything I can do?' She made as if to brush past me, and put her hands to her eyes

"'It's nothing,' she said, choking over her words, 'it was stupid of me.' She looked to the right and left, standing on the edge of the pavement, apparently in some hesitation as to which way she should go. The rain was streaming down, and her little black coat was clinging to her. Half-consciously I remembered the blonde heroine of the picture I had seen.

"The tears were still running on her cheeks. I saw her make some attempt to brush them away.

"'Gosh! How pathetic,' I thought, 'how utterly rotten. And here am I dissatisfied with my life for no reason.' Acting on an impulse I touched her arm. 'Look here,' I said, 'I know it's no business of mine. I've no right to speak to you at all. But—is anything the matter? Can I help you? It's such a filthy night . .' She pulled out a wretched little end of handkerchief, and began to blow her nose. 'I don't know what to do,' she said, 'I don't know what to do.' She was crying again. 'I've never been in London before,' she said, 'I've come up from Shropshire. I was to be married—and there's no address, there's nothing—he's left me. I don't know where to go.'

"'There's a man been following me,' she said timidly, glancing over her shoulder, 'he tried to speak to me twice. He was horrid. I didn't understand . . .'

"Good heavens! I thought, she was scarcely more than a child.

"'You can't stand here,' I said. 'Don't you know of anywhere? Have you no friends? Isn't there a Home you could go to?' She shook her head, her mouth worked queerly at the corners.

"'It's all right,' she said, 'don't bother.' It was no use, I couldn't let her go, not with that frightened gleam in her eyes, in the pouring rain.

"'Listen,' I said. 'Will you trust me to look after you—just for the moment? Will you come and have something to eat? Then we'll find a place for you to go.' She looked up at me for a moment, straight in my eyes, and then she nodded her head gravely. 'I think I can trust you,' she said. She said this in such a way—I don't know, it seemed to go straight to my heart. I felt very old and very wise, and she was such a child.

"She put her hand on my arm, still a little scared, a little doubting. I smiled at her. 'That's the way,' I said. We turned back again down Wardour Street. There was a crowd of people in Lyons. She clung tight to my arm, bewildered by them. 'Don't you be afraid,' I said. We sat down at a marble-topped table. She chose eggs and bacon and coffee. She ate as though she were starving.

"'Is this your first meal to-day?' I asked. She flushed and bit her lips, ashamed.

"'Yes,' she said. I could have cut my tongue out.

"'Supposing you tell me,' I said, 'just what it is that has happened.'

"The food had pulled her together, she had lost some of her shyness; she was no longer tearful, hysterical.

"'I was to be married,' she told me. 'Back in Shropshire he seemed so fond of me, so attentive to me and mother. Why, he was quite a gentleman. We live on a little farm, mother and I, and my sister. It's quiet, you know, away from the big towns. I used to take the produce into Tonsbury on market days. That's where I met him. He was a traveller from a firm in London. He had a little car, too. Nothing poor or shabby about him—constantly with his hand in his pocket. He was always coming to Tonsbury for his firm, and then he would visit us. Then he started courting me—he was ever so handsome. It was all so proper, too. He asked mother for her consent, and the date and everything was arranged.

"'Last Sunday he was up home as usual, laughing and teasing, saying how soon we would have a house of our own. He was to give up travelling, and get a settled job at the firm, and we were to live in London. He insisted on the wedding being in London, too, which was the one upsetting thing, as my mother and sister couldn't leave home.

"'Yesterday was to have been my wedding day.' I saw she was ready to burst into tears again. I leant across the table and patted her hand.

"'There, there,' I said stupidly.

"'We motored up Tuesday in his little car,' she went on, 'and we came to London yesterday. He had taken rooms at some hotel.' Her words trailed off; I saw that she was looking at her plate.

"'And the blackguard's left you,' I said gently.

"'He said we were to be married,' she whispered. 'I thought it was all right. I didn't understand.' The tears sprang in her eyes. 'He went this morning, early, before I was awake. The people at the hotel were cruel—I found out then it was a bad place.' She fumbled for her handkerchief, but I gave her mine.

"'I couldn't go back there, I daren't ask them for a thing,' she told me, 'and I've been looking for him all day, but I know it's no use now. How can I go home? What will they say? What will they think?' She buried her face in her hands. Poor little thing! she couldn't have been more than eighteen. I tried to keep my voice as gentle as possible.

"'Have you any money?' I said.

"'I've seven-and-eightpence,' she said. 'He told me I wouldn't need anything much.'

"I felt that this was the most impossible situation that had happened to anyone at any time. And there she sat looking at me, the tears in her eyes, waiting for me to suggest something.

"Suddenly I became very matter-of-fact. 'You had better make shift at my lodgings for to-night,' I said, 'and

in the morning I'll buy you a ticket and pack you off to Shropshire.'

"'Oh, I couldn't,' she said awkwardly, 'I don't know you.'

"'Nonsense,' I said firmly. 'You will be perfectly safe with me.'

"We had some slight argument, of course, but finally I persuaded her.

"She was tired, too. I took her home in a taxi—she nearly fell asleep with her head on my shoulder. My landlady had gone to bed; nobody saw us come in. There was a bit of a fire left in the grate. The girl crouched in front of it, spreading her hands to the feeble flame. I remember looking down at her and wondering how I should explain her presence to the landlady in the morning.

"It was then that she looked up at me from the fire, and she smiled without fear for the first time. 'If I wasn't so unhappy,' she said, 'this would be like a romance, wouldn't it?'

"Romance! Funny. It was you saying the word romance just now, chief, that brought this story back to me."

I squashed my cigarette in the ash-tray.

"Well, go on," he said, "it's not finished yet, is it?"

"That was the finish of the romance," I said.

"How d'you mean?" he said. "Did she go back to Shropshire?"

I laughed. "That girl never saw Shropshire in her life," I told him. "I woke late the next morning and she had gone, of course. So had my pocket-book with all my worldly goods."

He stared at me in amazement.

"Good Lord!" He whistled, blowing out his cheeks. "Then you mean to say she was deceiving you the whole time? There wasn't a word of truth in her story?"

"Not a word!"

"But didn't you put the police on her track; didn't you do something; make some effort?"

I shook my head. "Even if they had found her, I doubt if I could have legitimately retrieved my worldly goods."

H. Boyle

"I'm afraid cigarettes are no use to my husband because he always smokes a pipe. I know—I'll give him three gross of match boxes!"

"You mean you suspected her story before you left Lyons?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I didn't suspect her once."

"I don't understand," he said; "if she was nothing but a common swindler, why not inform the police?"

I sighed wearily. "You see, chief, the point is I didn't walk the streets all night like a little gentleman, nor did I sleep on the sitting-room sofa. . . ."

For a few minutes we sat in silence. He looked thoughtful, he stroked his chin. "You were a damn fool, and that's all there is to it," he said. "Ever go back to Wardour Street?"

"No," I answered, "never before and never again. My only visit."

"Extraordinary how you were so easily mistaken," he said. "I can spot that type of girl a mile off. Of course, it's the sort of thing to make you steer clear of women, I agree."

"But they're not all like that, my dear fellow—not all." He smiled.

"Sometimes you find a really genuine case of a young unsophisticated girl, with no money, let down by some blackguard."

"For instance?" I enquired.

"As a matter of fact, I was thinking of my own girl," he confessed, "the girl who has consented to become my wife this afternoon. When I met her six weeks ago she was quite new to London. Left an orphan suddenly, poor kid, without a bean. Very good family—she's shown me letters and photos and things. She was making a wretched living as a typist in Birmingham, and her swine of an employer made love to her. She ran away, scared to death. Thank God I came along. Someone would have got hold of her. First time I met her she had twisted her ankle going down that filthy moving stairway on the Piccadilly tube. However, that's not the point." He broke off in the middle of his speech and called for the bill. "If you could see her," he began again. "She's the loviest thing."

Into his eyes crept that blue suffused haze of the man who has not yet loved but will have loved by midnight.

"I guess I'm the happiest man alive," he said, "she's far too good for me." The bill was paid, we rose and walked from the room.

"Tell you what," he said, "come and see us off by the four o'clock train at Victoria. The good old Christmas spirit, eh?"

And because I was idle, because I was bored, because there was no reason to do it at all, I consented.

"I'll be there," I said.

I remember taking the tube to Victoria, and, not finding a seat, swaying from side to side, clinging to a strap.

I remember standing in a queue to buy a platform ticket, and being jostled by a crowd of pushing, feverish people. I remember walking senselessly up and down a platform peering into the windows of first-class carriages, yelled at by porters. I remember wondering why I had come at all. Then suddenly I saw him, his big, red, cheerful face, smiling at me from behind the closed window of a Pullman car. He put up his hand and waved, shouting something through the glass I could not hear. He turned and moved down the car, coming to the open door, at the entrance.

"Thought you'd given us the miss," he shouted, "good boy—turned up after all."

He pulled the girl forward, laughing self-consciously, scarlet with pride and satisfaction.

"Here's the bride," he said, "I want you two to be great friends. Show yourself, my darling." I stood motionless with my hat in my hands.

"A happy Christmas to you," I said. She leant from the window staring at me. Her husband gazed at us both with a quick, puzzled frown.

"I say, have you two met before?" he said. Then she laughed affectionately, and putting her arms round his neck she flung into the air her silly little gesture of bravado, mistress of the situation, but speaking without forethought, reckless, a shade too soon. The guard waved his little green flag.

"But, of course, I know your face," she said, "didn't we run up against each other once in Wardour Street?"

D. du M.

OXO
'And so to bed'
OXO WITH HOT MILK
OXO CUBE
OXO FLUID BEEF
"Children love it"

WONDER JEWELS

. . . the truly thrilling GIFT

See the alluring Christmas array that is drawing thousands to the Burma Showrooms

10/-

EACH
POST FREE

No. 6609. Charming Ring of real Lapis, Chrysoprase or Onyx with Marcasites, in silver mounting
10/- post free

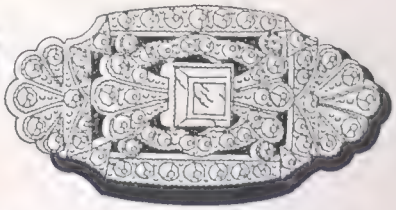
No. 6596. An elegant Ring of real Marcasite mounted with Amazonite, Lapis, Cornelian or Onyx. 10/- post free

No. 6583. Distinctive Ring of Burma scientific Onyx and Diamonds, in silver mounting.
10/- post free

No. 8669. Delightful Earrings of antique design set with Burma scientific Diamonds and Onyx. 10/- post free

No. 1843. New Brooch of floral design executed in real Marcasites.
10/- post free

No. 6576. Very smart Ring of Burma scientific Ruby, Sapphire or Emerald and Diamonds, silver mounting.
10/- post free



No. 8632. Stylish Earrings of real Marcasites and Burma Pearls, for pierced and unpierced ears.
10/- post free

No. 1885. Exclusive Brooch of Burma scientific Diamonds and Chrysoprase.
10/- post free

RUBIES dancing with fire, deep blue limpid sapphires, pearls soft and lustrous, sparkling, shimmering diamonds, set in the very newest designs —come and see them at the Burma showrooms Here are thrills upon thrills. Once you enter, your gift problems vanish. You can choose a ring, bracelet or brooch that might have cost hundreds of pounds. For the mere man too, there are beautiful cuff-links, studs or tie-pins. Not until you see Burma Gems with your own eyes will you believe how utterly exquisite they are. Only an expert could tell that they are the product of science, that they are not priceless mined jewels. And you can choose from these superb ornaments for the astonishing sum of only 10/-. Remember, we insist on pleasing you. If you are not completely satisfied your money will be refunded. If you cannot call at the Showrooms send *now* for the new richly illustrated catalogue of the latest designs, and shop with us by post with the same guarantee of satisfaction.

Burma gems

BURMA GEM CO. LTD., 121a Regent Street, W.1. Other London Branches: 51 Strand, W.C.2; 44 Oxford St., 272 Oxford St., W.1; and 66 Market St., Manchester; 74-75 Princes St., Edinburgh; 151 Sauchiehall St., Glasgow.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY FOR FULL LIST

To THE BURMA GEM CO., LTD., 121a Regent Street, LONDON, W.1
Please send me, post free, your illustrated *catalogue*.

Name _____

Address _____

(unsealed envelope postage ½d.)

T
Xmas

BY H. PIFFARD

SETTING THE BALL ROLLING

DUBARRY'S

Dainty Gifts for Women

There is nothing approaching these gift sets for sheer beauty and perfection of quality. They form inexpensive presents of irresistible charm.

If your usual Dealer has not a complete range in stock send your order direct to us with remittance enclosing 6d. extra for postage.

We can pack and send to any address with sender's card attached.

NOTICE.

If you mention the address of your Chemist we will send him the profit on the transaction just as if the purchase had been made through him.

GIFT SET No. 23
PRICE **10/-**
CONTAINING THREE VARIETIES OF SKIN CREAMS, A BOX OF FACE POWDER FOR EVENING USE & ONE FOR DAY USE

GIFT SET B.S. 2
PRICE **4/9**
BATH SOAP & BATH CRYSTALS

GIFT SET S.G.S. 5
PRICE **6/-**
CONCENTRATED PERFUME & CAMEO COMPACT

GIFT SET G.S. 22
COMPLEXION SOAP & PERFUME
PRICE **4/3**

GIFT SET C.S. 1
EAU DE COLOGNE & BATH SOAP
ALSO SUPPLIED
OLD ENGLISH LAVENDER WATER & BATH SOAP
PRICE **3/6**

GIFT SET No. 13
BATH SOAP & COMPRESSED TABLETS OF BATH SALTS
PRICE **2/6**

GIFT SET B.S. 4
PRICE **6 9**
TALCUM, BATH SOAP, TABLETS OF BATH SALTS

DUBARRY et CIE, 81 Brompton Road, London, S.W.

DUBARRY'S

Attractive Gifts for Men

These toilet luxuries are perfumed with either Lavender or Eau de Cologne. The only perfumes the man of good taste considers permissible.

It has always been a problem to get something out of the ordin to th me of th famil

Th Duba rang of Xma Gift solve the difficul

—

NOTICE. If your usual Dealer is out of stock post your order with remittance and sixpence extra for postage. We will pack securely and send to any address in Great Britain with sender's card enclosed.

GIFT SET M.S. 31
PRICE **2/9**
SOLID BRILLIANTINE & SHAVING STICK

SHALIMAR BRILLIANTINE AND SHALIMAR SHAVING STICK IN EBONITE CASE.

GIFT SET M.S. 35
PRICE **3/-**

GIFT SET M.S. 36
PRICE **4/3**
SHALIMAR HAIR CREAM, TALCUM, & SHAVING STICK

GIFT SET M.S. 37
PRICE **4/9**

HAIR CREAM & SHAVING SOAP

GIFT SET M.S. 38
PRICE **4/6**

SHALIMAR BRILLIANTINE AND SHAVING SOAP

GIFT SET M.S. 40
PRICE **5/-**
TALCUM, SOLID BRILLIANTINE & SHAVING STICK

DUBARRY et CIE, 81 Brompton Road, London, S.W.

In 1510, Queen Bess's day,
The Lady Catherine, bright and gay,
Tho' she was good at making hay,
And dancing round a pole (in May),
She drank six pints of beer a day,
For breakfast.

Great, great Aunt Prue, in 1810,
Was thought, well, rather daring then;
Altho' she never cared for men,
They found her in her private den,
Giving tea to Uncle Ben,
For breakfast.

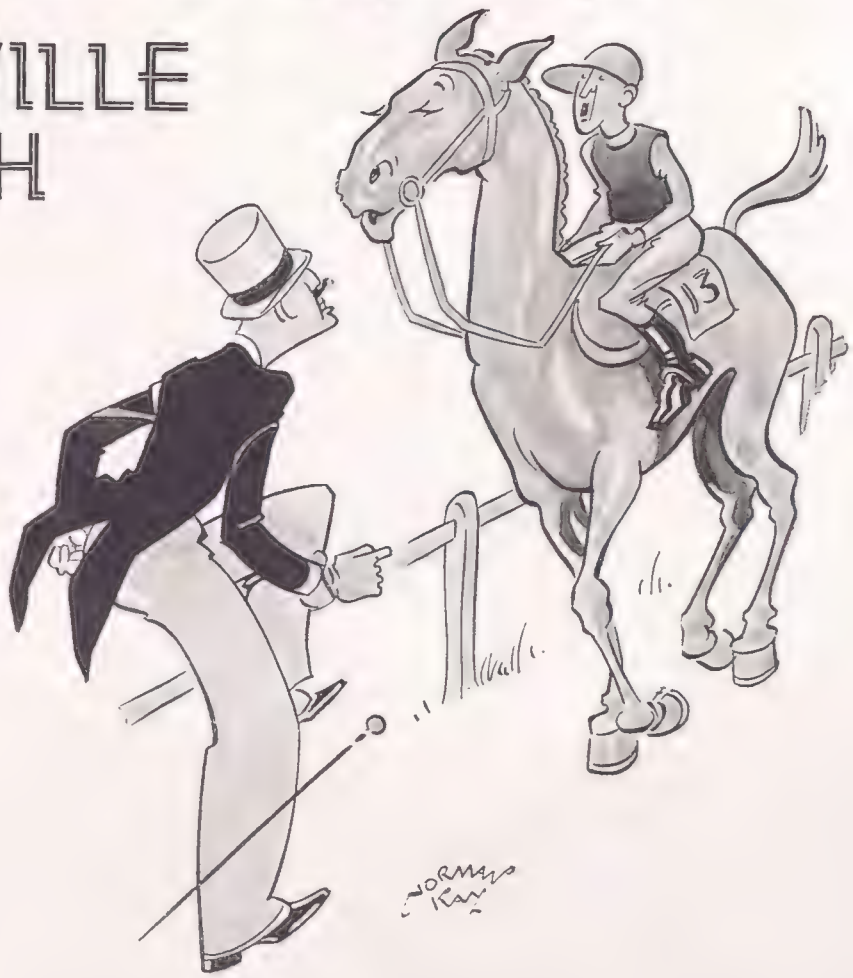
The really rather bright young thing,
In 1930 likes a gin,
And "It", or even paraffin,
Tho' I believe to make her thin,
She laps up lime-juice by the bin,
For breakfast.

BY M. E. COCHRANE

BREAKFAST FOR THREE

BLESSINGS & CURSES

BY MANVILLE KEITH



"The horse turned and looked at him. To Mr. Banting-Bluett's fevered imagination the brute seemed to be regarding him with a disdainful eye"

CHRISTOPHER CYRIL BANTING-BLUETT was a young man who was universally popular. He was blest with a private income which was so large that it approached the "film-star" mark, a bachelor flat in the West End, a cheery disposition which enabled him to enjoy the social round to its full, and a pleasant absence of vices. Even old Lady Bottinghurst, his nearest living relative, disrespectfully referred to by the young and graceless as "the last of the Gorgons," had to admit that he was not such a bad sort of young man—as young men went, nowadays.

In fact, she could find only one serious fault with the life and manners of her great-nephew, and that was his prolific use of the slang and catchwords which were in current fashion. "Why you should be totally incapable of expressing your thoughts and emotions in ordinary language is a mystery to me," she would say. "Surely the King's English is good enough for you? It both distresses and annoys me to hear you abusing your mother-tongue in this vulgar and senseless manner. Mark my words, people who treat their own language so scandalously will come to a bad end!"

AFTER one such interview, in which Lady Bottinghurst had surpassed herself in the use of really scathing and caustic observations, Christopher Cyril returned to his flat to dress for dinner. He was taking Olivia Milhurst to the Berkeley and then on to the Café de Paris; and, Olivia, being very much the girl of the moment, the selection of the right tie, waistcoat and waistcoat buttons was too important to leave to his valet. In such important matters Mr. Banting-Bluett was nothing if not conscientious. It was just as he was giving a final, careful pat to his already perfectly brushed hair that he caught sight of his visitor reflected in the looking-glass, and he wheeled round with a gasp of astonishment and stared gaping.

It is not, perhaps, the height of good form to welcome a visitor with nothing more friendly than a pop-eyed expression and a strangled gurgle. But when the visitor happens to be a figure some eighteen inches tall and dressed in some shimmering, gossamer-like material, and, in addition to holding a slim wand in one hand, boasts a pair of dainty wings sprouting from the shoulder-blades, a lot may be forgiven.

CHRISTOPHER CYRIL gaped at the fairy who was standing on the corner of his wardrobe. The fairy, catching his eye, bowed gravely, and, producing a tiny book from the folds of her robe, ran a finger down one page.

"Is your name Banting-Bluett?" she demanded sharply.

Illustrations by
NORMAN KAY

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Er—yes."

"Initials C. C.?" she continued.

"That's right. But, look here——"

"One moment, please. I am very busy just now. I've still got several calls to make, and if you mortals *will* persist in wasting my time by asking a lot of stupid questions, I shall never get finished. Well, Mr. Banting-Bluett, I have called to inform you that you come next on our Wishes Roster."

"On your which?"

THE fairy sighed petulantly. "Wishes Roster, I said. Really, you might pay a little attention when I am talking to you. You are entitled to three wishes, all of which will be granted by Her Majesty Queen Titania I. Owing to the fact that most mortals seem to be totally incapable of putting even one wish to a good use, these

wishes will be granted monthly, so that you can profit by the failure you are likely to make at the first attempt."

"You sound jolly optimistic!" said Christopher Cyril. "But look here now. How long can I have to think it all out?"

"I can give you one minute, thirty seconds," said the fairy with great precision. "I can't make it longer, as I am behind time on my schedule, and am due at South Mimms already."

"You *do* see life, don't you? Do you get much out of your job?" enquired Christopher Cyril chattily.

"Chiefly fatuous questions," snapped the fairy. "You've got only forty-five seconds left."

"Half a sec., and I'll rally round with a perfectly sound wish." He thought furiously . . . Olivia. That was it. something to impress Olivia. Let's see; they were going to the races to-morrow, and he had rotten luck as a tipster. Now, if only he could give her the name of the winner of the big race——. That was just the sort of thing girls like.

"I've got it," he cried. "I'm going to the Blankworth races to-morrow, and I wish I could spot the winner of the big race."

"Granted." The fairy wrote hastily in her notebook. "You can expect me on the third of next month. Good evening."

"I say, stop and have a quick one before you go. A Sidecar or Clover Club, now! By Jove! I shall have something to tell them at the club!"

"Thank you, I never drink in business hours," retorted the fairy. "As for referring to my visit, that will be impossible. We always arrange it so that recipients of wishes forget the source of supply. Good-evening!"

There was a flash of wings, and the fairy vanished. Christopher Cyril, recollection of her visit already dead, gave his hair a final pat and sallied forth to the Berkeley.

* * * * *

Miss Olivia Milhurst, walking in the paddock with Christopher Cyril, noted with considerable satisfaction that her escort seemed in even brighter mood than usual, and, woman-like, put a personal interpretation on the fact. Whilst being too proud actually to set her cap at any man, she had certainly made quite an effort to be particularly charming to Mr. Banting-Bluett, and it appeared that she had not laboured in vain. If things went on at this rate, who knew but——

"Do you know, old thing," exclaimed Christopher Cyril, breaking in on her day-dream. "I've got an absolute hunch that I shall spot the winner of the big race. Can't say why exactly, but I just know it."

"Have you been picking it out with a pin?"

"Good lord, no. I'm talking about horses, not winkles!"

Olivia laughed. "Well, let's have the name. Or are you selling it at sixpence a go in a sealed envelope?"

"That's the rummy part of it all. I can't for the life of me say which the horse will be yet, but the fact remains that I shall do as I said. I'm dead nuts certain of it."

However, when the horses were on their way to the starting gate, inspiration had not come, and, feeling that he had been cheated in some subtle way, Christopher Cyril did the best he could. In response to Miss Milhurst's repeated demands to be given a good thing for once in her young life, he ran his eye down the card and hesitatingly

"He paused, gazing open-mouthed at Christopher Cyril"

mentioned that he thought "French Cricket" would pull it off.

"You don't seem very certain, after all," remarked his companion.

"I can't make it out," he confessed. "I feel I'm going to do what I said, and yet——"

"Well, you can tell auntie all about it later. Hurry up and get your doubloons on now. And do me a couple of fivers while you're about it, like a darling."

Christopher Cyril hastened off in search of his bookie's representative, and had barely placed his bets when the cry went up, "They're off!" Watching the race, he deeply regretted that the bets were not off as well, for the Banting-Bluett Nap Selection appeared to be taking one, and far from romping home an easy winner "French Cricket" ambled home an easy loser. Still feeling that, although the horse had lost, his hunch of the morning was right in some inexplicable way, he rejoined Olivia, who greeted him with the cheerfulness of those who conduct their betting on the "heads-I-win,-tails-you-lose" principle.

"Cheer up, duckey," she exclaimed. "Let's go along and inspect the horse that beat us."

They joined the crowd standing round the winner, and Christopher Cyril looked with loathing at the animal which had shattered his hopes. "Beastly supercilious-looking brute," he muttered to himself. The horse turned its head and looked at him. To Mr. Banting-Bluett's fevered imagination the brute seemed to be regarding him with a disdainful eye. "You poor mutt," it seemed to be saying. "Fancy not having the common gumption to back *me*!" Christopher Cyril, longing to land it one good hearty kick, glared back at it. Then occurred that which was to alter the course of his entire life. Instead of turning politely away, the horse took two steps forward, and, thrusting its head in his face, curled its upper lip over its teeth and deliberately whinnied the most sneering and contemptuous whinny ever heard, within a yard of his nose.

At that moment something seemed to snap in the brain of young Mr. Banting-Bluett. With a wild yell of rage he dashed to one corner of the paddock where painting operations had been taking place. His frenzied gaze lighted on a large pot of green paint, on top of which lay a heavy brush, and he paused gazing wild-eyed at the objects before him. Then, bellowing like the bull of Bashan, he plunged the brush deep into the paint pot, and whilst people fled precipitately from his path, he rushed towards the horse, which still stood regarding him with a look in which amused contempt and lofty disdain were unpleasantly mingled. Before stable boys, trainer or police could stop him, he raised the paint brush high above his head, and, with a wild, eldritch shriek, brought it down with a resounding smack on the horse's nose, spattering paint over its classic head.

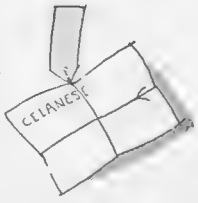
The horse lashed out, women yelled, men swore, and ere the commotion had abated Christopher Cyril, restored once more to sanity, was led ignominiously away by two burly policemen.

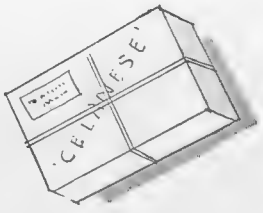
The ensuing three weeks were the most ghastly Mr. Banting-Bluett had ever known. Olivia not only refused to see him, but returned his letters of frantic apology unopened, and even old friends appeared to eye him warily.

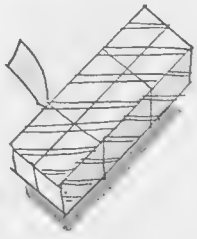
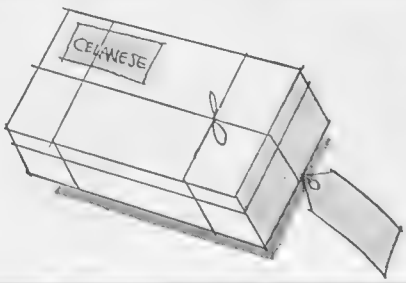
As Christopher Cyril sat at breakfast one morning a month after his unfortunate adventure at the races, he reflected between mouthfuls of devilled kidney that perhaps life was really not too bad after all. Of course, he had made an awful ass of himself, but people seemed to have got over it; in fact, he was to act as best man to Archie Hipplestone when he took the fatal plunge at St. Margaret's in a week's time, so people couldn't regard him as an absolute squirt or——

(*Continued on page 76*)

madam, don't worry your pretty head - - -

No need to hesitate on points of 

taste or quality: no need to weigh this garment and examine that . . . say simply 'Celanese,' and Christmas 

gift problems are solved in a breath Dress lengths . . . the daintiest lingerie . . . lounging pyjamas irresistibly gay and colourful: practical underwear, and socks and ties for men. And so wide is the 'Celanese' range of charming  shades that you can find just the one to fall in 

perfectly with the preferences of your friends.

(Continued from page 74)

"Good morning, Mr. Banting-Bluett," said a prim voice. Looking up hastily, he saw the fairy who had previously visited him sitting calmly on the marmalade jar, and, of course, the moment he saw her he remembered everything.

"Well, of all the infernal cheek!" he gasped. "Fancy having the nerve to totter round again after letting me down like that!"

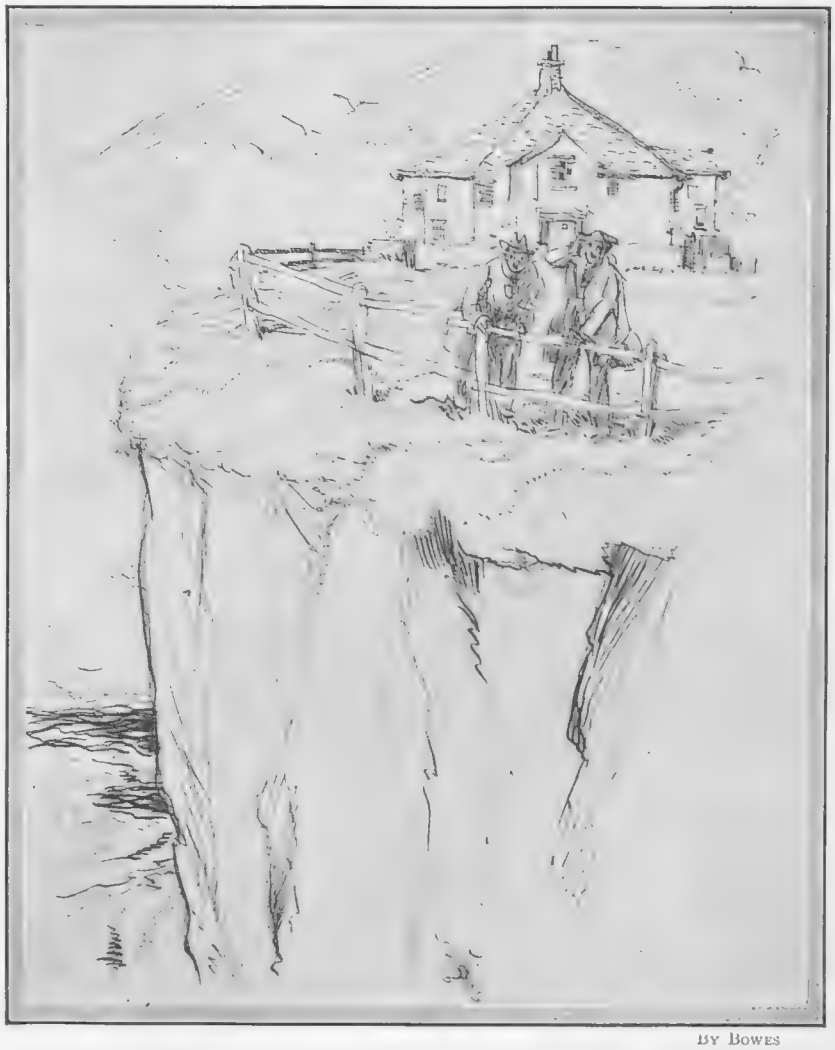
"You forget yourself," retorted the fairy coldly. "I did nothing of the sort. I see from my notes that you expressed the wish to spot the winner of the big race on the eighteenth ultimo, and you did so."

"Good lord!" Christopher Cyril gazed at the fairy in open-mouthed amazement. "You don't mean to tell me you were so potty that you thought I meant——"

"I do not happen to be a thought-reader," retorted the fairy coldly. "You expressed a definite wish to spot the winner, and your wish was granted."

"Thank you for nothing! A jolly fine sort of fairy *you* are. —*and* how! Not only have you scotched my life in general, but you've lost me my chance with the one and only peach of peacherinos I've ever met. Girls," continued the harassed young man bitterly, "are the very deuce! A fellow never knows how he stands with them; one day it's O.K. and the very next it is the K.O. In fact, I wish to heaven I could meet a bird who'd never leave me!"

"Granted," snapped the fairy, making a hasty note in her book. "Your last wish will be granted four weeks from to-day. *Good* morning. Don't move, I can let myself out," she concluded, and suiting the action to the word vanished up the chimney with a flash of silvery wings.



BY BOWES

VISITOR (*to Cliffview*): "Gosh! some wind! It's a wonder your house doesn't blow away"

DESPONDENT OWNER: "I expect it would if there wasn't such a heavy mortgage on it"

CHRISTOPHER CYRIL, being a creature of habit, strolled into Biff's, that small but select cocktail club not a hundred miles from Albemarle Street, at precisely a quarter to one. The thought of one of Mac's special "Corpse Revivers" was particularly cheering, and with the laudable intention of putting himself outside one he hurried to the bar and perched himself on a high stool next to a bleary-eyed youth who was consuming pink gins with a fierce intensity.

"Morning, Cedric," he remarked, perching himself on a neighbouring stool. "Having the same again!"

The Bleary-eyed one turned slowly. "Well, if you insist I'll have a——"

He paused, gazing open-mouthed at Christopher Cyril. For the space of ten seconds he remained as though transfixed, then uttering a stifled yell he clapped his hand over his eyes and tottered out of the bar emitting low moans.

"What the deuce is the matter with the lad?" demanded Christopher.

Mac, the barman, coughed apologetically.

"Ah don't doot but the sight of yon birrd was a wee bit tryin' at this hoor of the morrn," he volunteered.

"What 'yon birrd'?"

"Why, the green parrot sittin' on your shoulder, sirr!"

With a sickly, sinking sensation in the lower chest he raised his hand to his shoulder. There was a flutter of wings, a loud squawk, and a large green parrot fluttered down to the bar.

"Where on earth did *that* come from?" he gasped.

The parrot, disdaining a direct reply, hopped down the counter, took a surreptitious sip out of a cocktail glass, and thus fortified treated an enthralled audience to a strictly unexpurgated rendering of "Mademoiselle from Armentières." Christopher Cyril, edging nervously away, beat a hasty retreat just as the bird reached the fourth verse, but he need not have worried to try to escape, for during the next three weeks that bird appeared out of the blue at every hour of the day, and, perching on his shoulder at the most inconvenient moments, ruined his temper with its apparently exhaustless repertoire of risqué songs. Soon all Town was talking about young Banting-Bluett's new pet, the gossip-writers got busy, and finally the luckless young man was obliged to seek refuge from the attention he unwillingly created by seeking sanctuary in his flat.

However, the morning of Archie Hipplestone's wedding saw Christopher Cyril in more cheerful mood. That wretched bird had mercifully been conspicuous by its absence all day, and as he stood whispering words of cheer to a pallid bridegroom in the church he felt that life was not so bad after all. The bride having made a satisfactorily belated appearance, the service started and all went well till the officiating clergyman demanded, "Who giveth this woman?"

Then the congregation was startled to hear a harsh voice from somewhere in the neighbourhood of the best man's right ear break the silence.

"Barnacle Bill the Sailor," cried the voice, as with a derisive screech a green parrot fluttered up to a scandalised bridesmaid and proceeded to declaim into her scandal-shell-like ear the adventures of a misanthropic young man of Cape Horn, who, one was given to understand, wished he had never been born.

CHRISTOPHER CYRIL never knew quite how he escaped from the scene. Scarlet-faced and wild-eyed he scuttled down the aisle, whilst the congregation, their thoughts snatched wildly back from wherever they had been straying, whispered and smiled

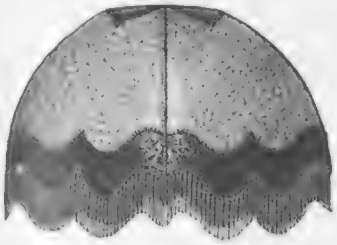
(Continued on page 78)

FOR MORE THAN 100 YEARS

HAMPTONS' HOME FURNISHINGS

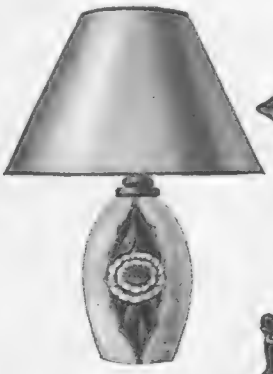
have secured to every purchaser value that has never been surpassed.

The contents of Hamptons' new book C.157 "INEXPENSIVE HOME FURNISHINGS" show, conclusively, that in Hamptons' Showrooms there is always to be found an ample selection of inexpensive Furnishings of every description—tasteful, substantially-made Furniture, decorative and dependable Carpets, Curtains, Furnishing Fabrics, etc., all of which exemplify the best value for money obtainable anywhere. SENT FREE.



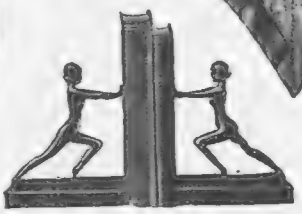
Hamptons' No. V723. Vellum effect 18 in. standard Lampshade, trimmed silk braid and bullion fringe, **42/-**

Hamptons' No. V729. Table Runner in art silk, fancy stitching and trimmed fringe. 5 ft. 2 in. long, **31/6**



Hamptons' No. V727. Carved Wood Table Lamp with vellum effect Shade. Height 18 in., **47/6**

Hamptons' No. V724. Quilted Cushion in art silk, 22 in. square, filled down, **49/6.** Supplied in all colours.



Hamptons' No. V728. Bronzed Book Ends, on solid bases. Per pair **37/6**

All these articles can be supplied in colourings to harmonize with the scheme of any room.

Works and all Factories:
QUEEN'S ROAD,
BATTERSEA, S.W.8

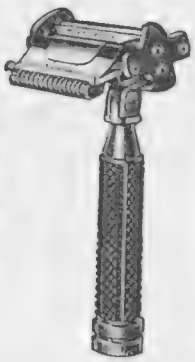
Telegraphic Address:
"HAMITIC, LONDON."

HAMPTONS
Decorators · Furnishers

PALL MALL EAST,
LONDON, S.W.1
'Phone: GERRARD 0030

Hamptons pay carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain

a new idea in CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!



An entirely new safety razor with Hollow Ground Blades and perfect self-stropping. The Hollow Ground Blades give a smooth velvet shave—they have a long life—and entail a big reduction in your blade bill.

Gift Sets, 27/6, 35/- and 42/-. Other Sets, 7/6, 10/6 and 21/-. Long-Life Hollow Ground Blades 4/6 per packet.

Long-Life HOLLOW GROUND BLADES. *Self-stropping.*

the new EMPIRE MODEL
Wilkinson Safety Razor

WILKINSON SWORD CO., Ltd., 53, Pall Mall, LONDON.
Factory: Acton, London.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO
THEIR MAJESTIES

Brigg
UMBRELLAS

ESTABLISHED 1836

23, St. James's Street LONDON
49, Rue du Faubg St. Honoré PARIS

BLESSING AND CURSES (continued from page 76)

behind their hands. There was no doubt that young Banting-Bluett had torn it. Popular opinion, which had started by regarding his latest craze with that broad-minded benevolence which is so often accorded to those whose bank balances are the pride of every sub-manager, veered round sharply against the perpetrator of so silly a joke.

But the wretched victim stood not upon the order of his going. With a face whose rosy hues had any beetroot beaten, Christopher Cyril grabbed his hat and plunged headlong down the aisle, sedulously avoiding the eyes of the wedding guests. Leaping into a passing taxi he returned to his flat, and, having bolted and locked the front door, called wildly for his man.

"Start packing at once!" he ordered that long-suffering menial.

"Are you going to Hampshire again for the week-end, sir?" inquired the latter.

"No," retorted Mr. Banting-Bluett bitterly. "I'm going to America for ever!"

Before the last bridesmaid had been kissed for the last time, and the last guest had decided to have one last glass of champagne, he had shaken the dust of England from his feet and was well on his way to Cherbourg.

THAT colossal joke, the Statue of Liberty, had already been sighted when Christopher Cyril, sitting moodily in his cabin, was aware that he was no longer alone. There, perched on the back of a chair, was the fairy who had caused all the trouble. The second he saw her he remembered everything, and leaping up he addressed several distinctly pointed remarks to that imperturbable person.

"It's all your bally fault!" he stormed. "You've messed up everything for me."

"You asked for a permanent bird and you got one," retorted the fairy. "We can only grant the wish expressed."

"But look here——"

"It's your own fault," continued the fairy inexorably. "If you are unable to express yourself intelligently without resorting to the ambiguities of slang——"

"Good God! You are as bad as my infernal great-aunt! Not content with ruining my young life, you have the nerve to burble on about slang! Bah! It's enough to make a bloke take to drink for good and all. In fact, I'm so fed up that I bally well wish I was completely canned right now!"

"Granted!" said the fairy with alacrity.

"The State analyst discovered traces of some foreign body"

A PROLONGED search of the ship failed to disclose the presence of Mr. Christopher Cyril Banting-Bluett. He had vanished as completely as though spirited away by a fairy, nor was he ever seen again. The sensation, great though it was, was shortly overshadowed by one of far greater magnitude. Several inhabitants of Chicago were taken seriously ill after dining off canned beef, and the fact that the State analyst discovered traces of some foreign body, to say nothing of trouser buttons bearing the name of a famous Sackville Street tailor, in samples which were commandeered, caused an uproar which soon spread round the newspapers of the entire world.

OLD Lady Bottinghurst, on the rare occasions on which she can be persuaded to allude to her missing relative, has but one observation to make. "I've always affirmed," she stoutly declares, "that people who indulge in slang to the extent that Christopher did will come to a bad end sooner or later!" M. K.

By Appointment.

Artistic Gifts suitable as seasonable Presents

We have a collection of small artistic articles at reasonable prices suitable for modern homes.

Tea Caddies adapted as Bridge Boxes, Trinket Boxes, etc., Lamp Shades, choice pieces of China and Glass, Needlework, Cushions, etc.

An illustrated catalogue sent free on application.

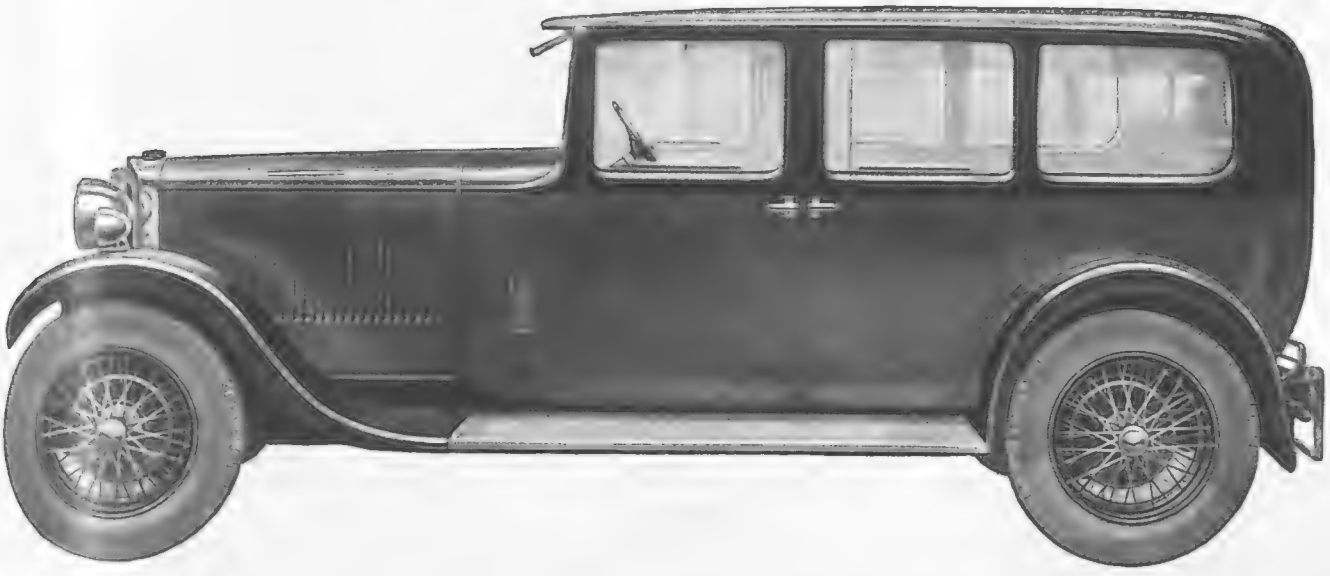
GILL & REIGATE LTD.

Furnishers and Decorators to H.M. The King

25 & 26, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE. LONDON. W.1.

SUNBEAM

MORE THAN EVER TO THE FORE FOR 1931



Body styles may vary, colour schemes come and go, but the fundamental thing that determines the value of an automobile is the good faith of those who build it. Sunbeam has again advanced its standard of beauty, comfort and performance. The 1931 Sunbeam cars are improved in detail but unchanged in the quality that has made Sunbeam famous all the world over. And the new prices ranging from £550 make Sunbeam value greater than ever.

16 H.P. SIX - CYLINDER

Improved design of engine—greater power and performance—numerous chassis improvements, new designs in coachwork—new prices. This model offers complete motoring luxury at a most moderate price.

· PRICES FROM £550 ·

20 H.P. SIX - CYLINDER

Improved design of engine—greater power and performance—improved coachwork—new prices. Entirely new design of seven-seater coach-built Limousine on special long wheelbase 20 h.p. chassis.

· PRICES FROM £750 ·

25 H.P. SIX - CYLINDER

Retains the many special features which have made this model Supreme in its class—alike in appearance, in spacious seating and in value. Supplied with Limousine (Weymann & Coach built), and Landaulette bodies.

· PRICES FROM £995 ·

Take an early opportunity of trying a 1931 Sunbeam on the road. We will arrange this at any time to suit your convenience—or your own dealer will arrange it for you.

the supreme car

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON. London Showrooms: 12 PRINCES ST., HANOVER SQUARE, W.1.

"MURDER" (continued from page 20)

disinterested—an experiment in the macabre, undertaken in the spirit of æsthetic research. At the time it had seemed just the sort of blague one would expect from Eliot. Now——

He took himself firmly in hand. He was doing the one thing he must never do—form a theory and try to fit the facts to it, instead of letting the theory evolve naturally from the facts. He decided to think of Catherine Severn.

It struck him that she had never answered his idle question as to whether there had been a picnic on the day of Blaber's death. Could she—was it possible that she was afraid for Eliot?

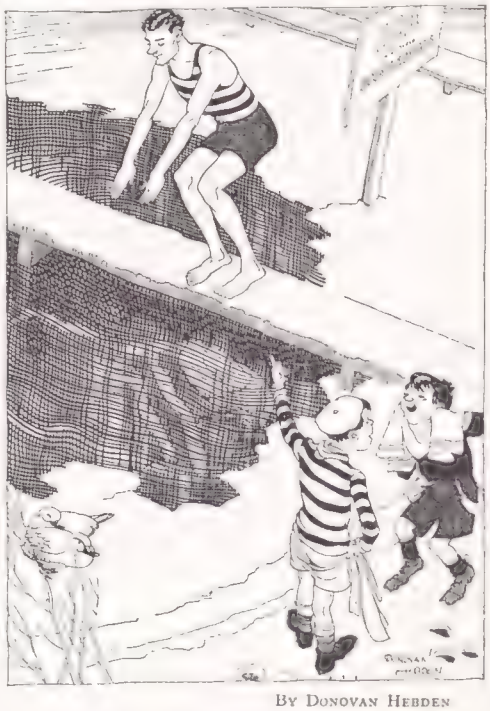
At Dorchester he picked up the man who had driven Eliot from the station. He had driven him to a register office. No, he had not waited. Orme drove there. Under the appropriate date he found the record of a marriage between Michael Nicholls Eliot and Catherine Severn.

As he came out, feeling very flat, the only thought that occurred to him was: "How silly to have hiccoughs because you are going to be married."

That finished that. A man doesn't, unless he is insane, stop to commit a murder on his way to be married. Orme saw Eliot hurrying through the plantation and along the path, struggling desperately with the spasms, meeting his beloved, giving her—between gasps—final instructions and then hurrying on to the junction. By the time he got there he was doubtless cured. *She* must have gone into Dorchester by the bus.

Orme hoped that the hiccoughs had returned during the ceremony.

A fortnight later he was recalled. He had made no discoveries about the murder. Indeed, he had come to the conclusion that there had never been a murder. The doctor, questioned again severely, admitted that it was just possible that Blaber could have shot himself. He stuck to it that he did not believe the pig-dealer had done any such thing. Privately, Orme thought him an opinionated fool. He was in a thoroughly bad temper. He had wasted three weeks, been made to look a complete fool, all for a revolting old wretch who had died a natural and certainly merited death. Angrily he flung his things into his suit-case and prepared to leave the place where he had been so humiliated.



By Donovan Hebden

"He's an actor"
"He ain't!"
"He is!"
"Then where's his fur collar?"

He was just going when they sent to tell him that J. Blaber's heir had been discovered at Falmouth. A nephew, who said that so far as he knew he was the dead man's only relative. Orme went back to the inn and scribbled a note to Catherine Severn.

She was in the park when it came, with Michael Eliot, but one of her many allies—this one was the gardener's son—brought it out to her. She decided that Michael must take the news to Sir Thomas himself as if he had just learned it in the village. In the state of pleasurable excitement that would follow the announcement Sir Thomas would consent to anything, even to the marriage of his only niece with a penniless Foreign Office clerk.

"I'm not quite penniless, darling," Eliot protested.

"No. But you only have enough to buy those very suède gloves you wear in London and nothing over to buy me hats and frocks, not to speak of all the other things your wife will need if she is even to be noticed in the same room with yourself. Don't you want people to notice me?"

"No," said Eliot. "Only me. I'm glad the sleuth has gone. He was always looking at you."

"I thought him rather a nice man," Catherine said.

"He's a fool."

They walked back to the Hall, and Eliot took the news to Sir Thomas in his library. Sir Thomas was delighted. His fine, sensitive face softened as he listened.

"A nephew, you said?"

"Yes, sir."

"Young, I daresay?"

"I suppose he will be," Eliot murmured.

"He won't want to stay here any longer than he can help," Sir Thomas said meditatively. "All that money. He'll want to begin spending some of it at once. I shall get Nicholson to make him an offer. I shan't appear in the matter myself. There's no reason why I should pay more for the wretched place than I need. If he thinks some villager is buying it——" He turned to his niece. "You're not saying anything, Cat."

"I was thinking how nice it would be if you and I and Michael were always friendly and happy together like this," Catherine said wistfully.

Sir Thomas looked surprised. "Well——" he hesitated.

"Darling, I *can't* not tell you," Catherine cried. She jumped up and ran towards him with a carefully calculated air of love and shyness. "I'm so happy. And you're the only person in the world I want to know about it. Michael and I are married. We were married a fortnight ago. The very day that poor man was shot."

"The very day," Sir Thomas began.

"I must have walked past the cottage at the very moment," Eliot interrupted, in a gentle voice.

Sir Thomas Severn's face had darkened. It cleared again suddenly. He smiled at his niece. "What am I to say?" he asked.

"Say you love me just a little," Catherine murmured.

During the following week Sir Thomas said more than that. He made a settlement on the young couple which was generous rather than merely adequate. He gave Eliot two boxes of his special cigars and a great deal of advice, both of which the young man accepted with a perfect courtesy. Then he sent them off in the second car to spend the last week of Eliot's leave honeymooning in London.

The day they left was the day J. Blaber's nephew and heir arrived in the village. After dinner Sir Thomas strolled through the warm, scented dusk to the plantation behind Blaber's cottage. He went by a way known only to himself. When he reached it he saw a young man with red hair and large red hands superintending the removal to the cottage from a cart of some pieces of dilapidated furniture. Sir Thomas watched him for a few moments, with a chill slowly freezing his heart. The young man was very like the late unlamented Blaber, except that he was even more unpleasant to look at. And he was young, and would live for years, whereas the pig-dealer had been elderly.

At last Sir Thomas spoke. "You must be Mr. Blaber's nephew," he said in a quiet voice.

"That's me," the young man said. He was evidently labouring under an intense though inarticulate excitement.

"I should have thought you'd want to sell the place."

"Sell it? Me? I should —— well think not. Why, ever since I see this place once when I was a kid I've had a mind to it." His voice cracked in triumph. "I shall live 'ere—and live 'ere—and live 'ere. All my life."

Sir Thomas went slowly back. The night scents of his garden rose round him. The white front of his house glimmered ghostly against the wine-dark sky. "I've committed a perfectly useless murder," he said to himself gently.

It had not, however, been useless. Only useless to Sir Thomas, who had had all the trouble.

S. J.

Achieved by

POND'S
Complete Method of Skin Care

COLD CREAM
Cleanses and nourishes the skin. Keeps it in perfect condition.

CLEANSING TISSUES
Ideal for removing Cold Cream, absorbent and gossamer soft.

SKIN FRESHENER
An exhilarating skin tonic. Just sufficiently astringent.

VANISHING CREAM
Fragrant and refreshing, it forms an ideal base for powder.

Mackintosh's
Radiates Happiness!
Mackintosh's
TOFFEE DE LUXE

KIPPA

[illegible]

[illegible]

In Colours exquisite as Nature's

'SWAN' PEN

inimitable craftsmanship has combined nature's colouring with the world-famous qualities

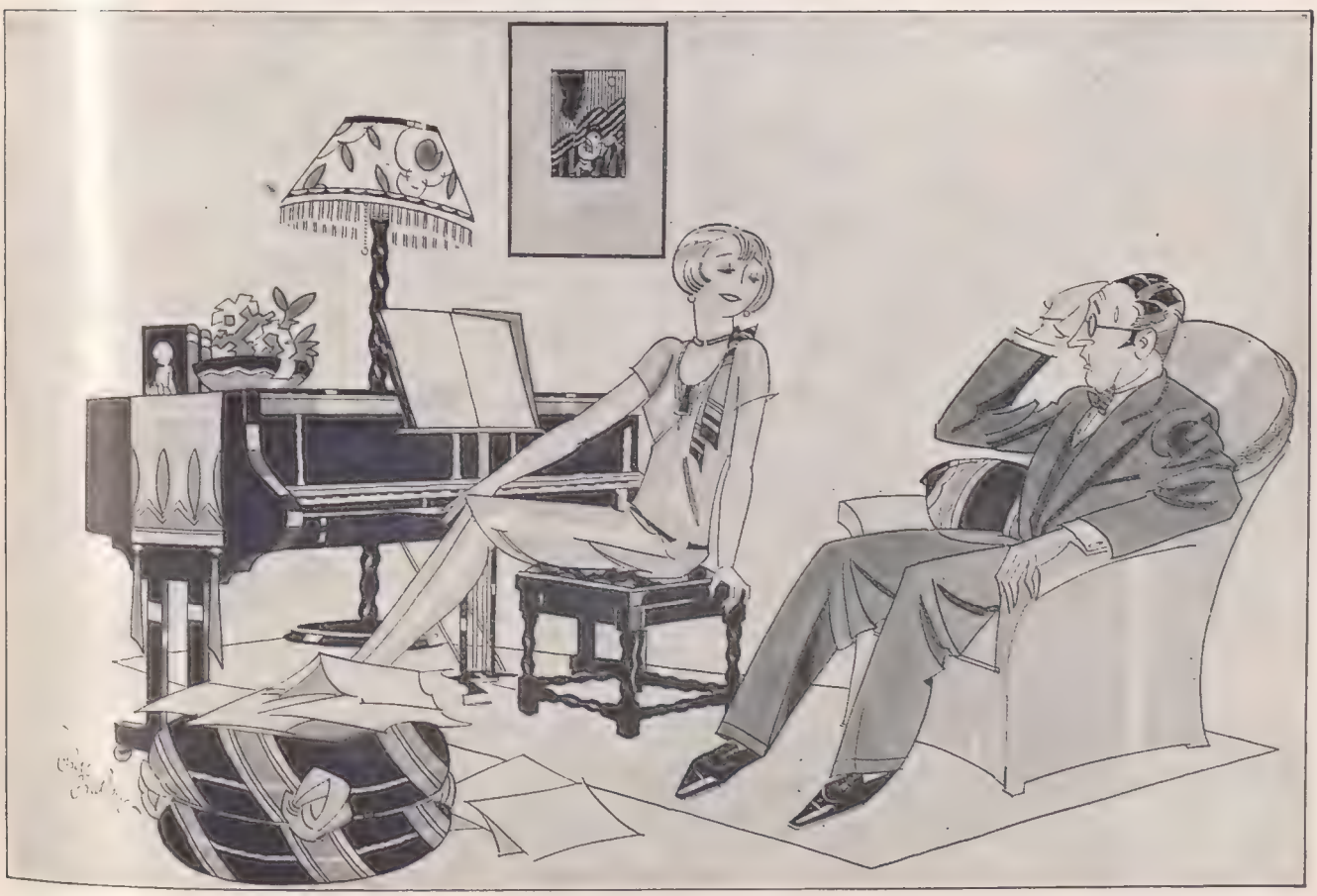
Pen and Stand No. 121

"Swan" Pens may be obtained of all Stationers and Jewellers. Black or Mottled from 15/- or Artistic Colours from 21/-. "Fyne Point" Pencils to match "Swan" Pens from 5/-.

Illustrated list post free from Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Swan House, 133 & 135 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Branches at: 79 High Holborn, W.C.1; 114 Cheapside, E.C.2; 95 Regent Street, W.1; and at 3 Exchange Street, Manchester.

By A .R. Cane

"In future, when a young man brings you home at night, I insist upon you saying good-bye to him immediately!"
"Why? Does our talking disturb you, father?"
"It's not your talking that disturbs me, it's your silence!"



By Leslie Butler

The Tyro: "I *do* want to sing so badly"
The Tried: "Then your wish has been gratified."

By Angus M. Scott

"Did you build that snow man, my dear?"
"No. I think it's me father. That's where he usually leans when the 'Black Bull' ain't open"

By Field Smith

"How marriage changes a man! When we were engaged Philip used to call me his little crystal set, and now he says I'm an everlasting loud speaker"

BURBERRY SNOW- AND WIND-PROOF WINTER SPORTS DRESS

Catalogue of latest Burberry models for Ski-ing, Skating and Luge-ing, and patterns of materials, post free. Please mention "The Bystander."

BURBERRYS *Ltd.* HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

CHRISTMAS PLUMS

By "JACK HORNER"

THE DOCTOR'S CHRISTMAS MOTTO: "Nothing succeeds like excess."

* * *

OUR sympathy goes out to the poor girl who told her Scottish fiancé she needed something to put a little colour into her cheeks. Instead of giving her a case of port for Christmas he took her on one side and told her the latest limerick from the Stock Exchange!

* * *

WHICH reminds us of the little Aberdonian boy who spent his pocket money for December on an elastic stocking to hang up on Christmas Eve.

* * *

A CONTEMPORARY suggests that crackers have become rather dull nowadays. We cannot agree at all, for we've found that all ours are full of snap!

* * *

Most things are prime at Christmas-time,
I'm sure you will agree;
In fact, the only thing this Yule
Which leaves us very, very cool
Is Snowden's Sched-Yule D.

* * *

A THOUGHT FOR THE DAY.

How to deal with itinerant Christmas musicians is indeed a wait-y problem.

* * *

"WHAT does Father Christmas mean to you?" asks a Sunday newspaper. We suggest that he is a Claus in the family agreement.

* * *

PARADOXICAL though it may seem, a warm, muggy Christmas often proves to be a heavy "frost."

* * *

I used to regard my dread rival with scorn,
But now I am wishing he'd never been born,
For since he's so brilliant on skates I must state
I see in him now just a figure of 'ate!

THE ideal Christmas pantomime is the one in which there is plenty of "fluff" among the company, but no "fluffing."

* * *

A CARLOAD of girls returning from a dance on Christmas Eve skidded and upset in a pond. The Christmas belles were wringing immediately afterwards.

* * *

A READER informs us that he can't stand a Christmas number that makes no reference to holly. Well, you have to sit down to appreciate the point!

* * *

CULINARY HINT.—If the cook finds she has forgotten the chestnut stuffing, do not despair. Plenty may be obtained from the nearest pantomime.

* * *

THE trouble with so much of this modern punch is that it lacks it.

* * *

THE rhymes found in many crackers simply go from bad to verse.

* * *

That love should reign at Christmas-time
Is naturally true.
So when the tradesmen start to "bill"
We all too often "coo."

* * *

THE American who called his bootlegger all the names under the sun for selling him "dud" liquor for his Christmas party pleaded not guilty to the charge of slander. He said he was merely guilty of "vulgar abooze."

UPHOLSTERY

Handsome 5 ft. 6 in. WALNUT SETTEE with Burr Walnut panels in back, and carved Gilt. Hair stuffed with Down-filled Cushions covered in rich Brocade and Silk Velvet - - £37.5.0

EASY CHAIR TO MATCH - £15.12.6

DEFERRED TERMS ARE THE BEST OBTAINABLE FREE DELIVERY BY MOTOR IN 36 COUNTIES

MAPLE & CO LTD

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

PARIS LONDON W.1 BUENOS AIRES

JUAN les PINS

LE PROVENÇAL

LE PROVENÇAL

on the coast of the mystery climate

all the delightful, sunny year around

LE PROVENÇAL

is open at Juan les Pins (French Riviera)

This hotel is at once distinguished, celebrated for its cuisine, its entertainments, its hospitable and pleasant surroundings. Just across the park of pines and palms, by the sweet, tideless, "too blue" Mediterranean Sea, is the dainty, merry municipal Casino.

In this fairyland setting, people enjoy themselves freely, hugely, and according to their guise. Men have jealously dubbed it "No-Man's Land," and women have described it as the territory of the Don Juans. Painters have tired themselves depicting its beauties, and authors are writing endless romances about its carefree life. It has an air, has

JUAN les PINS

PEARLS

DISTINCTIVE GIFTS

OLD JEWELS
Antique Silver
etc.

AT

James R. OGDEN & Sons *Ltd.*

THE RENOWNED ENGLISH HOUSE OF COURT JEWELLERS

41-42 Duke St. Piccadilly. S.W.1

38-40 James St. Harrogate. Yorks

WE ARE THE LARGEST BUYERS FOR CASH OF OLD JEWELLERY, ETC. AN OFFER SUBMITTED BY POST THE SAME DAY AS GOODS ARE RECEIVED

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

THE PALAIS de la MEDITERRANEE

the new Casino at **NICE** (French Riviera)

is now established as the world's most magnificent and pleasurable play centre.

"The Cæsars couldn't have built it."

The MAJESTIC, that hotel with the fashionable sport touch, and under the same management, opens Dec. 1st. Private Garage, Pompeian Baths, and many other surprises have been added. It is perfect, but not prohibitive in price.

Charming and Useful Christmas Gifts —

Conway Stewart

Pens and Writing Sets British—as well as Best

The "Conway Stewart" Pen. Super-value. Prices from **10/6** to **35/-**

The "Duro." An Oversize Pen. Made in 3 sizes. Prices from **12/6** to **21/-**

No. 77 Set. Mounted "DANDY" Pen, No. 2 "DURO-POINT" PENCIL and Sheffield-made Penknife. In colours to match. Price **15/-**

Other Sets from **7/6** to **25/-**.

Stocked by all leading Stationers and Stores.

Write for **Coloured Christmas Folder**, Post Free, from the manufacturers:

Conway Stewart

& Co., Ltd.

75–82, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4

TOLD IN PIQUE (*continued from page 50*)

"Yes, perfectly. I've been here for seven years. It is like home for me."

"Then what on earth are you moving for?"

"I want to. I want to get right away from things and start all over again."

"I say, that's absolute rubbish! By Jove, that really is absolute rubbish! You've got this all out of proportion."

"I CAN'T stay talking to you here. I can't! You see they're peeping out of the corner of the blind now! They're not used to people bringing me back at this hour. They won't like it. They'll think there's something funny. I wouldn't like anybody to think there's something funny after such a dreadful evening. Thank you so much for being so wonderful to me, so perfectly wonderful! I shan't ever forget it."

"Here, but I say! Don't talk as if we were never going to meet again."

"Oh, but we're not. Oh, believe me, we aren't."

"Look here, I'll ring up old Bruce to-morrow and tell him he's a damned old swine!"

"Oh, please, please! Now really you do terrify me! You absolutely terrify me! I don't want to be the cause of any trouble. I'll just slip out of things quietly."

"Why should you? They behaved like a lot of swine. Look here, I'm furious! If what you say is true, and it looks as if it was . . ."

"Oh, please, please! I mean, it is nothing to do with you. Honestly, it is nothing to do with you."

"I'm beginning to believe it is."

"I do beg you. Please, please let things be. Look, I must go in. I simply must go in. They'll open the window in another minute."

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Not so fast! Look here, I'll call for you at seven and take you out to dinner to-morrow night, and we'll talk it over. It isn't going to rest here. I'm going to telephone old Bruce to-morrow and give him a bit of my mind. You are one of the sweetest little things I've ever met, and so sort of fresh, and innocent, and unspoiled. So simple! Look here, it's a beastly shame! I'll call for you at seven to-morrow."

"Oh, don't; you're making me cry again, and they'll wonder what's wrong."

"You're not to cry. Look here, if you don't cry I'll send you some orchids to-morrow, and you're to wear them. Look here, let me wipe those silly little tears away. Poor little girl!"

"Nasty . . . hateful . . . people!"

"There, there! All right! Don't be scared! Run in!"

. . . .

And yesterday she was married to one of the richest young sporting peers in England.

Cat burglars, working in broad daylight right under your nose, that's what they are! C. J.-S.

BY D'EGVILLE

DIRECTOR: "Say! You can still put a lot more pep into that wallop, Mr. Fortescue. Remember the audience is on *your* side solid in this scene"

FREE!
To your boy!

Has your boy expressed the wish sometimes to be an "engine driver"? Then let the postman bring him a copy of our free booklet in colours, "RUN YOUR OWN TRAIN SERVICE." He will just love the pictures of locomotives—the real thing in miniature—the corridor express trains and other equipment. Ask for pamphlet No. 63. Send a postcard to-day.

BASSETT-LOWKE, LTD.
NORTHAMPTON.
London Branch: 112, High Holborn, W.C. 1.
Manchester Branch: 28, Corporation Street.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Will you help this Baby and his 8,154 Brothers and Sisters?

For 64 years Dr. Barnardo's Homes have been welcoming the orphan and destitute children of the Nation and in that time they have admitted over 109,000 needy little ones, their present family numbering 8,155. But such a work is constantly in need of funds if the Charter "No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission" is to be maintained.

Will you send a **Christmas Gift** of 10/- to feed one child for ten days?

Cheques, etc., payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, may be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

EVERYTHING The G.E.C. your guarantee ELECTRICAL

"Magnet"

ELECTRICAL XMAS GIFTS

MADE IN ENGLAND

These and other G.E.C. Electrical and Wireless Gifts can be inspected at all Electrical Contractors, Wireless Dealers, Stores, and Showrooms of Electricity Supply Authorities. Also at

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC Co. Ltd.
Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2
and at all G.E.C. Branches throughout the country.
WRITE for G.E.C. Xmas Illustrated Price Lists.
SENT POST FREE.

Autumn . . . and Beauty

Helena Rubinstein.

ALL the smart world is turning townwards . . . . turning to Helena Rubinstein. Beauty must be groomed to greet the "Little Season." Sallowness, freckles, squint-lines, must go, weatherbeaten faces must regain new youth. And Helena Rubinstein has a genius for such things. For years she has studied the reaction of complexions to climate.

Drop in, then, for a consultative chat, with authentic counsel, freely given, on the autumn care of the skin at home. Hear about the delicate allurements of tone and tint matching the feminine note in fashion, and how to secure them. Or have one single lesson-treatment and see the new charms of colour and contour which are revealed as you are started upon the road to beauty.

Below, Helena Rubinstein, the world-famous scientist of beauty, outlines a seasonable home treatment. Follow it as a whole, or choose the particular items you desire. You will be delighted.

CLEANSE with Valaze Waterlily Cleansing Cream, the luxury cleanser of the world which embodies the youth-giving essences of waterlily buds. **10/6, 20/-.**

CLEAR away muddiness, sallowness, surface staining and tan with Valaze Beautifying Skin Food, giving new life, new youth, to the skin. **4/6, 9/6.**

BRACE and tone both skin and tissues after the lassitude of summer with Valaze Skin Toning Lotion, preventing wrinkles. **5/-, 9/6.**

BANISH obstinate freckles and stains with Valaze Freckle Cream, acting directly upon the pigmentation, and leaving the skin soft and white. **5/6.**

PRESERVE and restore the clean line of chin and jaw with Valaze Contour Jelly . . , no one over twenty-five dare ignore this! **4/6, 8/6.**

REGULATE COLOUR, correct fine broken veins and weatherbeaten effects with Valaze Refining Lotion; also for puffiness under the eyes. **5/6, 10/6.**

PROTECT from autumn colds and winds, at least as harmful as summer sun, with Valaze Windproof Cream . . . then you need not fear weathering. **5/6, 10/6.**

SMOOTH OUT LINES, crows'-feet, squint and all other lines with Valaze Anthosoros (Grecian anti-wrinkle cream). **5/6, 10/6.**

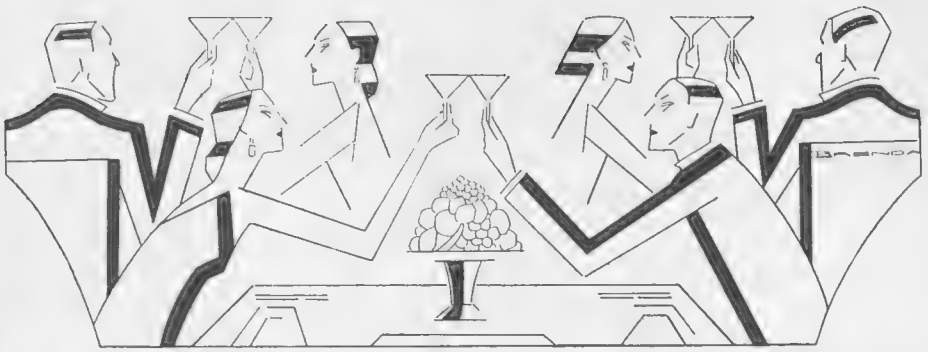
CLOSE THE PORES opened by summer relaxation, and cure or prevent blackheads by Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste, a penetrative wash indispensable in autumn fogs and grimy towns. **2/6, 4/6.**

GLORIFY YOUR BEAUTY with the magical cosmetique creations of Helena Rubinstein . . . foundations to protect and enhance beauty, powders, rouges, lipsticks that mirror nature so faithfully that they become part of you . . . children of the union of Science and Art! Waterlily complexion powder, clingy, flattering, in exquisite shades, **8/6.** Rouges, Red Raspberry, Red Geranium, Crushed Rose leaves, **4/6,** lipsticks to match, **4/6.**

Helena Rubinstein
Ltd.

24 GRAFTON ST., LONDON, W.1

PARIS **NEW YORK**



THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Lobster à l'Américaine

Cut up about one and half cupfuls of fresh lobster. Put into a stewpan one heaped tablespoonful of butter and the same quantity of minced onion; fry well together till slightly coloured. Stir in one tablespoonful of flour, cook till blended, and then add gradually one cupful of thick strained tomatoes (the tomatoes should be previously cooked and rubbed through a sieve), add salt and cayenne. Stir in the lobster, cut up small, and cook in the sauce for ten minutes. Add two tablespoonfuls of sherry and serve at once.

Roast Turkey with Chestnut Stuffing

Slit about 1½ lbs. of chestnuts, plunge them into very hot fat, and fry for a few minutes, then drain, shell and peel them. Next cook the chestnuts in seasoned stock till tender. When quite soft rub through a sieve. Season the forcemeat with nutmeg and pepper, and fill with it the body of a good-sized turkey. About a quarter of an hour before serving remove the buttered paper from the breast, dredge the turkey lightly with flour, put some butter in the basting ladle, and baste the bird with it. Time: two and a half to three hours according to the size of the turkey. Garnish with fried sausage, and serve with bread sauce and a good gravy.

Christmas Pudding

Mix with 4 oz. of flour 1 lb. of breadcrumbs, a teaspoonful of salt and 1 lb. of finely chopped beef suet; add to this 1 lb. of stoned raisins, ¾ lb. of currants, ½ lb. of finely sliced candied peel, 3 oz. of Demerara sugar, and 2 oz. of chopped almonds. Mix thoroughly and add ten beaten eggs and a wineglassful of brandy. Put the mixture into a mould or pudding-basin (previously buttered), cover with a cloth, tie down, and boil for five hours. When required, boil it again for two hours.

Almond Sauce

Cut up a quarter of a pound of butter into a basin, add to it 4 oz. of castor or granulated sugar and 1 oz. of bitter almonds, blanched and pounded until very fine, stir in gradually rather more than a wineglassful of brandy. Beat all well together near the fire until it resembles clotted cream, but do not cook it.

Dîner

OYSTERS.

CONSOMMÉ.

LOBSTER À L'AMÉRICAINE.

ROAST TURKEY WITH CHESTNUT STUFFING.
CELERY AU GRATIN.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING WITH ALMOND SAUCE.

PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS.

CAFÉ. DESSERT.

"The Bystander" Christmas Number, 1930
The entire contents of this Number are copyright.

WINTER NEVER BEGAN IN TORQUAY

TORQUAY

THERE is no better place than Torquay in Sunny South Devon for Winter Holidays or Residence. The town enjoys the highest records of Sunshine; faces due south and is fully protected from the east winds.

The entertainments include a first-class Municipal Orchestra, Theatres, Cinemas, Ballroom, Lectures, Recitals, etc.

The facilities for outdoor sports and recreation are all there, also the famous bathing establishment with all the most celebrated Spa Treatments and a "Vita" Glass Sun Lounge.

ONE NEED NEVER HAVE A DULL MOMENT IN TORQUAY!

The Great Western Railway provides a wonderful express service of trains to Torquay from London and principal towns, and full information of their times and fares can be obtained upon enquiry at any Railway Station or Office or Tourist Agency.

Official Guide free from J. M. Scott, B.C.N. Dept., Torquay, or from any recognised Tourist and Travel Agency.

A GIFT THAT WILL PLEASE

There's not a gift in the world that your motoring friends will appreciate so much as a set of K·L·G. Plugs. Give a set this Christmas to all your motoring friends.

K·L·G

"FIT AND FORGET" K·L·G. PLUGS

Tom Smith's Xmas Crackers are Simply made of Fun!

What loads of fun there are in Tom Smith's Christmas Crackers with their delightful surprises. Hats, Puzzles and Toys! Christmas wouldn't be the same without these big, bright-hued Crackers that make the Christmas table such a riot of colour and merriment!

TOM SMITH'S
CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

You cannot be too sure that the Crackers you buy *are* Tom Smith's as there are Crackers on the market (usually large in size) which only contain disappointment.

Get Tom Smith's! Best for 80 years.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE

Complete Rejuvenation by Plastic Surgery

Large noses corrected—small eyes made larger. Eyelashes permanently dyed, 9/6. Hair tinting. Beautiful Permanent Waving (shingled head), 32/6. "Bobette" chignon to wear when growing hair, light—indetectable, 32/6. Send shade for pattern. Superfluous hair removed by wax treatments.

Free consultations. Send for list of Beauty Preparations.

ARLINE

Court Hairdresser, Beauty and Dietetic Specialist, Plastic Surgeon,

6, BASIL ST., S.W.3.
Sloane 5441.

2 Doors Knightsbridge Tube.

CONVENIENCE ✧ DEPENDABILITY

WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK

Regd. U.S. Pat. Off. and throughout the World.

Guns and Ammunition
Flashlights and Batteries

No. 8021. 3 Cell Non-focusing, **13/6** Complete.

No. 8921. 3 Cell Focusing (360 ft. Range), **15/9** Complete.

THE WINCHESTER HEADLIGHT—
LIGHTS WHERE YOU LOOK—LEAVES BOTH HANDS FREE.

As with ammunition and with guns, Winchester has brought the modern flashlight to the highest stages of convenience in use, perfection in design and dependability in operation.

There is no cartridge, no gun and, now, *no flashlight* quite like a Winchester. There are a number of handy styles adapted not only to the needs of sportsmen, but to countless uses at home.

Write for illustrated list showing the complete range. If your Dealer cannot furnish, send us his name and address, and we will gladly see that you are promptly supplied.

Sole Distributors in Great Britain and Ireland:

London Armoury Co., Ltd., 31, Bury St., St. James's, London :: S.W.1.

Two Splendid Gifts for MEN.

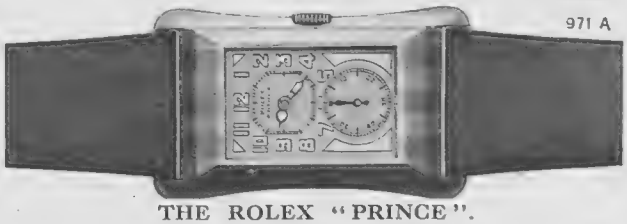
Vickery's
for Xmas Gifts.

THE ROLEX "OYSTER" WATCH.
A perfect Timekeeper and is absolutely Watertight and Dust Proof.

Sterling Silver	£5 15 0
9-carat Gold	£10 10 0
18-carat Gold..	£15 15 0

Jewellery, Gold, Silver, Enamel, Shagreen Watches, Clocks, Bags, Fine Leather Goods of all kinds.

971 A



THE ROLEX "PRINCE".
An ideal Wrist Watch, accuracy not affected by change of climate. A perfect Timekeeper.

Non-Tarnishable Silver	£8 8 0
9-carat Gold	£14 14 0
18-carat Gold	£21 0 0
Solid Platinum	£65 0 0

J·C VICKERY
145 & 147 REGENT ST, LONDON, W.1.
By Appointment Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King Jeweller to H.M. the Queen Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

A Note on the Cast

HERE the curtain rings down on the Christmas Number of THE BYSTANDER, which has been appearing since 1903, and here it may not be out of place to give details of some of those who have contributed to it.

* * *

SPACE, unfortunately, does not permit us to mention all the clever writers and artists whose work you have been enjoying in this Christmas number, but we can find room to allude to at least a few of our contributors and thus enable our readers to glean a little detailed information concerning the cast whose "sole intent is all for your delight," as the actor of a fast vanishing type was wont to put it.

* * *

THE author of "Murder," Storm Jameson —who, incidentally, is an M.A.—is Yorkshire born, and was educated at Leeds University. In addition to writing many novels and short stories, she has published a book on Modern Drama in Europe, and is the manager of A. A. Knopf, London, the well-known publishers.

* * *

STELLA BENSON, whose sense of humour is revealed in "Tchotl," has travelled extensively; in fact, she regards this as her recreation. She is one of the few novelists who is as adept at writing a full-length story as a short one, and often contributes one of the latter to the weekly issues of THE BYSTANDER.

* * *

THE work of D. B. Wyndham Lewis is well known to all those who appreciate satire. His "Interlude in Bloomsbury" is an excellent specimen of this side of his writing, which, however, is not the only one, for his knowledge of history is extensive, and when he chooses he can write in serious vein.

* * *

DAPHNE DU MAURIER is a young writer who made her début in THE BYSTANDER with a powerful short story; a long novel from her pen will shortly be published. Daughter of the well-known actor, her grandfather was the author of *Trilby* and *Peter Ibbetson*, so if there is anything in heredity it is not surprising that she takes to writing as a duck takes to water.

* * *

THE name of Anthony Shirley, whose amusing story of child-life points a moral and adorns a tale, is a pseudonym which conceals the identity of one who is an educational expert, which gives further point to the moral that peeps out in between the laughs.

* * *

MANY well-known writers and artists figure in the pages of this Christmas Number, and by their joint efforts do something practical towards ensuring our readers enjoying a happy Christmas. But it is not only at this season of the year that THE BYSTANDER offers entertainment of a really excellent kind to all its readers. Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, all the year round, in fact, THE BYSTANDER in its weekly issues spares no effort to give its readers all that is best, brightest, wittiest and smart in journalism.

* * *

THIS being a Christmas Number fiction naturally holds the stage, and although THE BYSTANDER short story has become so notable a point of our weekly issues on account of the many well-known story-writers who are among our contributors, this is but one of the many entertaining features found in our pages from week to week. Society, Sport, the Theatre and the Screen, Literature, Motoring and Flying, all are dealt with by writers who know their subjects from A to Z, and can discourse on them both wisely and wittily.

* * *

BEFORE ringing down the curtain allow us here and now to offer all our readers the old, old wish of a very merry Christmas—and a happy New Year in the company of THE BYSTANDER throughout the months that lie ahead.

Postage Rates for THE BYSTANDER CHRISTMAS NUMBER: Great Britain, 4½d. Abroad, 5d. Canada, 1½d.

WOMAN'S GOOD APPEARANCE

depends first of all on the contours of her face and neck. As soon as the skin becomes loose and baggy, as shown in the first photograph, age becomes apparent. By the entirely new and safe Hystogen Electro-Thermic Method, evolved and practised personally by a highly skilled and experienced Swiss Specialist, the result as shown in the second photograph is achieved in a few short visits, and the face and neck made young again. Also, wrinkles around the eyes, unsightly noses, ears and lips, and skin flaws, etc., are permanently corrected by the latest scientific methods, in from one to three visits. Thousand of clients have already benefited by his wonderful treatment. Consultations are free, and signed articles written by Lady Maud Warrender, Rosita Forbes, Margery Lawrence, Gilbert Frankau and other prominent people, who have investigated the Hystogen Method for the British Public, are sent free on application, together with other literature, to readers of "The Bystander."

HYSTOGEN (Est. 1910), 40, BAKER ST., LONDON, W.1

BRONZE BY

T. IVESTER LLOYD

Price £5 5 0

This engaging study of a very busy person is 3½ inches high, and is mounted on a marble plinth (not seen in the photograph), 1¾ inches high. No one who loves a Cocker can resist it.

"STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS"

(COCKER)

Obtainable only from The Sporting Gallery, where orders will be executed in strict rotation. Price £5 5 0: packing and postage extra.

THE SPORTING GALLERY.

32, King Street, Covent Garden.

LONDON, W.C.2.

RADIUM *v* GREY HAIR

20 Years Younger!

It's astonishing how grey hairs age one, but still more astonishing how a short course of 'Caradium' Hair Restorer makes the grey-haired look 10 to 20 years younger. 'Caradium' is not a Dye or Stain. The secret of its wonderful power rests in the Radio active water with which it is prepared, and its results look natural because 'Caradium' regrows the original colour right from the hair roots. 'Caradium' will stop your HAIR FALLING AND REMOVE EVERY TRACE OF DANDRUFF AT ONCE.

Write for Hair Book.

'Caradium' is NOT A DYE

'Caradium' Hair Restorer is no new untried remedy. For years it has been a boon and a blessing to tens of thousands of men and women all over the world. It is the proved finest preparation for the hair. IT NEVER FAILS.

GREY HAIR IS IMPOSSIBLE IF CARADIUM IS USED ONCE WEEKLY AS A TONIC.

Olive Oil Shampoo Powders. The finest in the world for producing Soft and Glossy hair, 6d. each. Packets of 12—5/-.

WARNING—Ask for Caradium Regd. and see that you get it; imitations are useless.

Caradium REGD.

Hundreds of original testimonials from delighted clients from all parts of the world can be seen at the 'House of Caradium.'

4/- A 4/- size is now available for those only slightly grey. 'Caradium' Hair Restorer is obtainable of all good Chemists, Harrods, Whiteleys, Barkers, Selfridges (Hairdressing), Army & Navy Stores, Boots, etc., or direct in plain packages POST FREE from:— large size **7/6**

'CARADIUM' (Regd.), 38, Gt. Smith St., Westminster, London.

corot models by instalments

write to this famous model house to-day for the latest illustrations of corot afternoon and evening gowns, ensembles, costumes, coats, jumper suits, etc., that may be obtained on this convenient instalment account plan, or call at the showrooms (over yardley's) at the piccadilly end of bond st. and choose a corot model for yourself.

"andree" *(at left)*
a charming afternoon gown in heavy crepe de chine uses incrustations of fine lace in the bodice and sleeves below the new cape top. cut with the higher waistline, defined by a belt and buckle. it has the sweep of a full flared skirt. in black only).
cash **8 gns.** **24/-** monthly

"le soir"
the accepted length for the evening coat is shown here in this beautiful model in gold or silver brocade. the wide cuffed sleeve is most becoming and the shaped line at the hips is a flattering one with the long gown for evening. the large collar is in toned lapin.
cash **6½ gns.** **19/6** monthly

"natalie" *(at left)*
a smart evening gown in fine spotted silk net shows the new broken line at the hips, with the demure shaped frills. the quaint fichu, finished with a tight posy of flowers, is another delightful note. in many colours.
cash **6 gns.** **18/-** monthly

corot
(dept. b. s.411)
8, new bond st.
london, w.1.

free please send illustrations and details of instalment plan.

name .....
address ..... b.s. 411

Registered Trade Mark.

THIS YEAR.. he'll welcome collar comfort

in the form of Van Heusen Collars, which are recognised as the most comfortable in the world —and the most economical. Semi-stiff, smart and dressy. Any man will appreciate such a present.

Obtainable from all leading Hosiers and Men's Outfitters.

ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE.

VAN HEUSEN

Sole Manufacturers:

HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY, LTD.,
Kinnaird House, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1.

WOOLLANDS

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Practical Gifts for all

Send to-day for 68 page Gift Book

R. 106.—New Sports Scarf in Bouclette, 12 ins. × 63 ins. Colours: Beige, Rouge, Bottle, Chocolate, Navy, and Black and White.
Price, each **12/9**

R. 105.

R. 105.—Novelty in Bouclette Scarf, 12 ins. × 63 ins. Colours: Navy/Green, Brown/Vieux Blue, Choe/Tango, Bottle/Apricot, Red/Garnet, Flame/Black.
Price. each **10/9**

Fashion Book Post Free.

Woolland Bros. Ltd.

R. 109. — Quite new Slash-end Bouclette Sports Scarf, 14 ins. × 2 yards. Colours: Red / Black / White, Royal / Black / White, Reseda / Black / White, Beige / Black / White, Tango / Black / White, Beige / Brown / White, Navy / Beige / Nattier, Black / White / Grey.
Price, each **12/9**

Knightsbridge, S.W.1

Wool for Safety

Modern taste is most exacting where underwear is concerned . . Genuine protection must be combined with perfect fit and superlative daintiness to please the woman of today . . . . "Pesco" is designed to gratify her wishes with garments of Pure Wool and Silk and Wool, which offer the fullest protection from the caprices of the weather and are uniformly perfect in texture, material, style and finish.

Pesco

Trade Mark

UNSHRINKABLE PESCO FINISH

ASK FOR "PESCO" SCOTCH AND BEST

Ask your retailer to show you "Pesco" cashmere hose, the cosiest and most comfortable stockings for winter wear. They are fully fashioned, fully spliced, and made in a perfect fitting shape in all colours.

Obtainable from leading Drapers and Hosiers in Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Underwear, also in knitted sports wear and hosiery. In case of difficulty enquire from the Makers for names of nearest Agents.

PETER SCOTT & Co. Ltd. (DEPT. No. 30), HAWICK, SCOTLAND

W.A.

A permanent wave *that is yours alone*

For every client, Stewarts consider anew the permanent waving problem.

They take into account the style of coiffure most fashionable and most suitable. They examine the texture of the hair and its strength. And they adapt a system to suit exactly the treatment decided upon.

You receive individual, expert attention from start to finish. And you are never overcharged.

Postiche and Tinting, too, are subjects in which Stewarts excel.

PERMANENT WAVING: 4 gns (whole head), 3 gns. (Shingled Head).

POSTICHE: Semi-transformations from 8 gns. Full transformations from 12 gns.

PHONE FOR APPOINTMENT

stewarts

Leading Posticheurs & Permanent Waving Experts

225 REGENT ST. W.1.

• NOTE ONLY ADDRESS

TELE. MAYFAIR 6763-9

A GRASS COUNTRY

THE FERNIE NEAR BILLESDON.

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.,

has now been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY.

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 25 only) £3 . 3 . 0
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) £1 . 11 . 6

The actual size of the print is 16 inches by 10 inches.

Other prints after Lionel Edwards (published in similar editions to the above) are:—

"A ROYAL VICTORY: The Prince of Wales winning a Point-to-Point Race."
"THE BERKELEY HOUNDS at Berkeley Castle."
"THE INVASION" (Devon and Somerset Staghounds).
"TARR STEPS" (Devon and Somerset Staghounds).
"THE QUORN at Shoby Cross-Roads."
"PUNCHESTOWN: Jumping a Big Bank."
"CHANGED FOXES" (The Cattistock).

To be obtained from all Printsellers, or by post (inland postage 1/- extra) from

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

G. P.
Estab. 1851

XMAS PRESENTS
FOR HUNTING FRIENDS

What more welcome present can there be for a friend who hunts than something which will be useful to him or her on every hunting day? A whip—a flask—a handsome, strongly made canteen in leather case?

Ladies' & Gent's Whips.

No.
10 Hunting Whip, Gent's, best Whalebone, with plaited Kangaroo handpart, two stout silver collars with thong - - - - - - 63/-
11 Hunting Whip, Gent's, Whalebone, plaited Kangaroo hide, silver mount with thong - - - - - - 50/-
12 (as illus.) Hunting Whip, Gent's, covered hogskin, with silver mount and thong - - - - - - 35/-
13 (as illus.) Ditto, Plaited Kangaroo hide, with silver mounts and thong - - 35/-
Ditto, plated mounts and thong - - - - - - 30/-

Flasks.

HUNTING FLASK, containing glass bottle with plated bayonet top **30/-**

Also Hunting Canteens, etc.

Write for our Full Price Lists.

Leather Bags and Trunks of the highest quality are also included in our 1930 Winter Price Lists, which embrace every requirement of field and stable—saddlery by all London makers, Super Horse-Clothing, all Stable Utensils, etc., etc.

GEO. PARKER & SONS

ONLY ADDRESS: (SADDLERS) LTD.
17, 18, 19, Upper St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 1164. *Telegrams:* "Cavesson, London."

BE OF GOOD CHEER

That's a Christmas slogan, isn't it? But you can't really be of good cheer unless you have good health. And that's where Bermaline Brown Bread comes in—the sure health builder. Of appetising flavour and ideal for festive season sandwiches.

BAKED BY GOOD BAKERS

BERMALINE BREAD

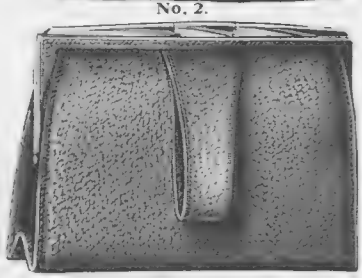
MONTGOMERIE & CO LTD
IBROX, GLASGOW

Send useful Gifts

GORRINGES MODISH HANDBAGS

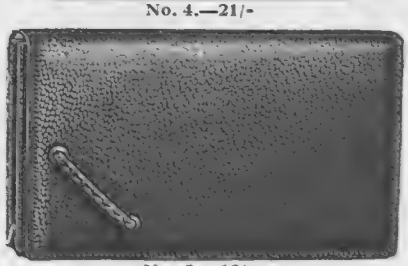
No. 1.—10/-

No. 2.



No. 3—30/-

No. 4.—21/-



No. 5.—10/-

Once again, the annual question, "What shall I give?" May we suggest a *useful* gift which will last, but always remain beautiful—for example, one of these lovely handbags. At Gorringes you will find handbags for every occasion—every mood. Let Gorringes *help* you to select your Christmas gifts.

No. 1. SMART AFTERNOON BAG in fine Morocco, lined artificial silk to match, fitted divided inner pocket and mirror and thumb strap at back. Colours: Red, Bottle, Jade, Saxe, Navy, Beige, Nigger or Black.
10/-
Initial 1/- extra.

No. 2. London made BAG in finest quality Leathers, lined best suede and fitted large triple inner frame, mirror, and long pockets for cheque or pass book.

Leather	Size 10½×7"	Size 11½×7½"
Polished Crocodile	£5.15.0	£6.7.6
Polished Lizard	£8.8.0	£10.10.0
Seal Skin	£3.15.0	£4.4.0
Morocco	£2.19.6	£3.9.6

No. 3. Finest quality MOROCCO BAG, London made on a superior brass frame with snap fastening. Lined pure silk and fitted divided inner pocket and mirror and comfortable back strap. Colours: Black, Navy or Brown.
Very Special Price 30/-

No. 4. A new design in MOROCCO POCHETTE with calf flap to match, trimmed contrasting shade unique erinoid mount, fitted with framed purse and banging mirror and two extra pockets, one inside and one at back. New Back Handle. Size 7×5½. Colours: Black, Red, Bottle, Jade Navy, Saxe, Havana, Nigger.
21/-

No. 5. Special Value in a MOROCCO POCHETTE with double inner, on brass frame, fitted with large mirror in front and outside back pocket. Trimmed plaited leather loop. Colours: Black, Nigger, Havana, Beige, Navy, Red, Jade.
10/-
Large Initial 1/6 extra.

GORRINGES

TWO MINUTES FROM VICTORIA STATION
BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.
Frederick Gorringe, Ltd. *Telephone: Victoria 8600*

AN
ACCEPTABLE
PRESENT
For an
INVALID

Invalid Bed Table. B 138.
Polished Oak. Steel frame. Folds flat
26 ins. × 14 ins.

21/-

Free delivery in London districts, or packed free of charge and sent carriage forward.

Sickroom Requisites. B.X. Catalogue Post Free.

GARROULDS'
150, Edgware Rd., London, W.2.

MORNING EXERCISING JERSEYS.

Ideal for early morning exercise and all kinds of sports. Pure Scotch Wool, with high polo collars, in the following colours: Champagne, saxe blue, dove grey, canary, fawn, light or dark blue, yellow, white, cream, scarlet, light and dark green, orange, chocolate, etc. Perfect fitting. Supplied in medium or tropical weight —in all sizes: also for LADIES or CHILDREN. Price **24/-** each. Can also be supplied in pure silk in above colours, price **63/-** each. Carriage paid to all parts of the world.

When ordering please state height and weight with remittance.

N.B.—These Jerseys can only be obtained from the makers—

Messrs. HYMAN,
Established over 30 years.
1, ALBEMARLE ST., PICCADILLY, W.1.

HAIRS All women know moments of misery endured with superfluous hair.

Consult Helen Lawrence and get expert advice for your superfluous Hair.

Not a Depilatory. Not Electrolysis.
Call or write for Home Treatment 12/6.
Postage abroad 2/6. Sample 2/-.

'Phone: Kelvin 8363.
Hours 10 to 5. Sat.: 10 to 1.

81 EARL'S COURT ROAD, W.8. LONDON, Kensington.

The well known
"Dura" and "Soveran" POROUS
Tennis Courts

are world renowned and are recognised as the foremost types of their respective kind.

The "Soveran" has recently been adopted by the Hotel Beau Site, Cannes; Rockaway Club, New York, and many others.

Last year's International Tournament was played on the EIGHT 'DURA" COURTS constructed at the Lido, Venice.

MAXWELL M. HART
162, Buchanan St., GLASGOW
39, Victoria St., LONDON, S.W.1

DECEMBER

So, the year's done with! . . .
Now snow falls around me,
Quenching June's fever—
(Love me for ever!).
—BROWNING.

Another year that has slipped by, almost unnoticed. One year, two years, three, four . . . three score years and ten. Another lifetime that has moved imperceptibly and inexorably from the fever of youth to the frosts and snows of age.

These thoughts rise in our minds as we read Browning's lines. But the poem strikes no chord of sadness. Its dominant note is "Love me for ever." What is life for but to be lived? Of what use time if not to pass? What better epitome to life than love that has endured to the end?

There is no richer, finer, and more enduring love than that which inspires us to provide for our dear ones. There is no better assurance for all-round purposes than a Limited Payment Policy, With Profits, in the Standard. Under this system your later life is free from the burden of making payments, while bonuses continue accruing and compounding annually even after premiums have ceased.

Write to-day for "With Profits" Prospectus Y.15.

The STANDARD LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1825
LONDON
46 QUEEN VICTORIA ST. E.C.4
15a PALL MALL S.W.
INDIA
CALCUTTA - DALHOUSIE SQUARE
BOMBAY - HORNBY ROAD
HEAD OFFICE - 3 GEORGE STREET EDINBURGH

MENTON. ORIENT HOTEL

Beautiful, Spacious, Modern, All Comforts, English Clientele, Grand Gardens, Quite Central, Full South.

ONE OF THE BEST HOTELS HERE.
L. BRUNETTI.

Don't Forget the Children.

The Famous "JAMES"

"HURRAH" FOR CHRISTMAS!

BROWNIE AND PIXIE
BICYCLES & TRICYCLES

For Boys and Girls of all ages
Finest English Manufacture.
Write for Art Catalogue free.
The JAMES CYCLE Co. Ltd.,
BIRMINGHAM.

GRAND XMAS DISPLAY
of all Models on view at our London Showrooms:
21 & 22, HOLBORN VIADUCT.
Birmingham Showrooms:
296, Broad Street.
Kindly call to inspect.
All Cycle Agents and Stores will supply.

Bedford Riding Breeches Co
E. TURNER LTD

FAMOUS FOR
RIDING OUTFITS

BREECHES *from* 21/-
JACKET & BREECHES *from* 84/-

Every garment individually cut to your measures and absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

LET US SAVE YOU MONEY
Call and inspect or send for patterns and compare. Mention the Bystander Xmas Number.

ONLY ADDRESS: **19, NEW QUEBEC ST. MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, W.1.**
One Minute's Walk From The Marble Arch.

OBESITY

THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS

quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks) sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from

MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, WELFORD RD., LEICESTER.
BOX 89

WHEN REPLYING

to advertisements

please mention

THE BYSTANDER

to ensure prompt attention.

Visit Roussel and be fitted with this gloriously soft pliable Belt

ROUSSEL, the leading Parisian corsetier, has created just what the active woman yearned for —a belt which will control her figure gently but firmly and yet allow as much freedom as her sports clothes.

The ROUSSEL LONG-BELT is woven to shape in softest, flexible elastic. Light and airy in wear — luxurious as silk. Its slim length tones down awkward contours and moulds the figure immediately to the correct outline.

A Belt by Roussel is the perfect foundation garment— giving complete support where needed without the slightest restriction. There are Roussel models to suit every type of figure. Come and see them at the Regent Street Salons. Six months' adjustment service given with every belt.

POST ORDERS. You can order by post with confidence. Correct fitting guaranteed or money refunded. Give size of bust, hips (stripped) and total height. Prices: Long-Belt combined with hand made Brassiere in finest French Lace as illustrated. In pure silk elastic £9 9 0 In firm thread and silk elastic £5 15 0. In thread elastic £4 4 0.

On sale only at

J. Roussel (of Paris) 177 Regent St. (Dept. G) W.1.

And 8a Thurloe Place, Opp. Brompton Oratory, S.W.7

PARIS 83, Boul Malesherbes | HAGUE 21, Noordeinde | AMSTERDAM 14, Leidschestraat | ROTTERDAM 57c, Coolsingel | BRUSSELS 144, rue Neuve | LIEGE 13 rue Vinave d'Ile | ANTWERP 1, rue Quellin | CONSTANTINOPLE PERA, Place du Tunnel

The New Idea for Sports Wear

Beret and Scarf in any coloured fur to match Sports Suit, can be obtained at

Sands

for the very reasonable Price of

4½ gns.

the Set.

Skating Mittens, trimmed Fur, for **8/11.**

Original and inexpensive

Xmas Gifts

comprising Necklaces and Bracelets to match, from **25/-** the pair.

Bags and Scarves. Stockings and Gloves for all occasions. Dainty Handkerchiefs. Hunting Stocks and Veils.

187a, 188a, 189a, Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

East Africa offers:

1. *Wonderful Scenery!*
2. *Abundance of Sport!*
3. *Reasonable Living Costs!*
4. *Congenial Social Amenities!*
5. *Every Degree of Temperate Climate!*
6. *A Complete Change of Environment!*

All can be found in Kenya, Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Tanganyika, Uganda and Zanzibar—that is why more and more Travellers and Sportsmen are visiting these territories every year. Trade and Settlement prospects are also very encouraging.

★ ★

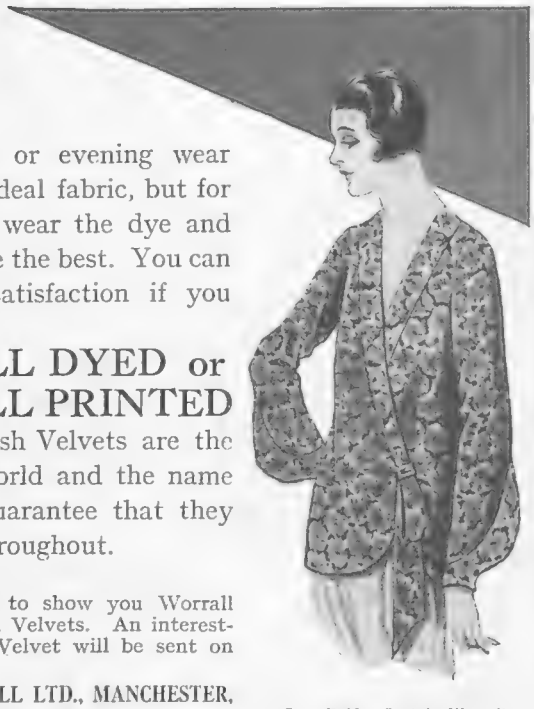
If you are interested in Travel, Sport, Trade, Land Settlement, etc., in East Africa you are invited to apply for further information to:

H.M. EASTERN AFRICAN DEPENDENCIES

Trade and Information Office,

ROYAL MAIL BUILDING, COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

(Entrance: Spring Gardens).



For afternoon or evening wear Velvet is the ideal fabric, but for satisfaction in wear the dye and finish should be the best. You can ensure such satisfaction if you ask for

WORRALL DYED or WORRALL PRINTED

Velvets. British Velvets are the best in the world and the name Worrall is a guarantee that they are British throughout.

Ask your draper to show you Worrall Dyed and Printed Velvets. An interesting brochure on Velvet will be sent on application to

J. & J. M. WORRALL LTD., MANCHESTER, together with the name of your nearest draper, if desired.

Cosy Bridge Coat in Worrall Printed Arivel. Paper Pattern No. W.D.3, bust sizes, 36", 40" and 44", price 6d. post free from J. & J. M. Worrall Ltd., 30, Princess Street, Manchester.

Worrall Printed VELVET

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

"RUGGED WEATHER"

A Superb Study of an Ocean Tramp Labouring in Heavy Winter Seas.

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

FRANK H. MASON, R.I.,

has now been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY

There are two editions, as follows:—

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 30 only) **£2 : 2 : 0**

ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) **£1 : 1 : 0**

The actual size of the print is 17 inches by 10½ inches.

Other Prints after FRANK H. MASON are:—

"IN COMPANY."
"CROWDING ON FOR THE WOOL SALES" (all sold).
"THE ROARING FORTIES."
"WHEN SAILS BEAT STEAM."
"'MUSKOKA' UNDER ALL PLAIN SAIL."
"THE 'BOLIVAR.'"

To be obtained from all Printsellers, or by post (Inland Registered Postage 1/- extra), from—

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

"Upon my word Joan"..

..you are thoughtful!'

ALREADY familiar with the silky comfort and fine style of "Luvisca" Shirts and Soft Collars, he will welcome a suit of "Luvisca" Pyjamas, equally well made. A most acceptable gift to any man.

"Luvisca" SHIRTS PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

SOLD BY LEADING HOSIERS, OUTFITTERS AND STORES.

COURTAULDS FABRIC

If any difficul[ty] in obtaining, write **COURTAULDS LTD.** (Dept. 8M), 16, St. Martin's-l[e]-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature. **LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED TAB.**

Grey Hair Doubles Your Age—

But Why Have it?

How Smart Women Turn Back the Clock

Nowadays one must be perfectly *soignée* to be really chic—hair in perfect condition, skin well cared for. To-day these are as important to a smart woman as the clothes she wears—qualities which she must possess to attain real chic.

Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods. That not only restores the colour but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair—that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed.

You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir Book

It will be sent free on request

Write to:

FACKTATIVE Co. (Suite 73)
66 Victoria Street
Westminster, London, S.W.1

The only method endorsed by the Press

"The QUEEN" says:
"Galbraith's shortbread is really delicious."

Fresh from the oven, placed in sealed tins, and posted free to any address at these rates:

Price of Tin	Canada	India	U.S.A.
4/4	add 2/6	2/3	2/3
6/6 & 8/6	add 4/6	4/-	4/-
12/6	add 6/3	5/6	5/3

Write for interesting illustrated list of cakes and confectionery post free.

GALBRAITH'S of Ayr Scotland
70-80-82 High Street.
Estd. close on a century.
HOWAT

will you find in a day's march. Beautiful gifts, useful gifts. Hercules Sheets and Pillowcases, snowy white and soft of texture, and dainty Embroidered American Sets; or Hercules Overalls, so cheerful, colourful and smart, and so strong!

Choose them at your Drapers.
You cannot do better.

Hercules
WASH & WEAR WELL

SHEETS, PILLOWCASES, OVERALLS, CHILDREN'S FROCKS AND EMBROIDERED AMERICAN SETS.

Stocked by Drapers everywhere.

If any difficulty, write to the manufacturers of Hercules Fabric.

JOSHUA HOYLE & SONS LTD., 50, Piccadilly, MANCHESTER.

BREAST SUPPORTER

Invaluable for all purposes.

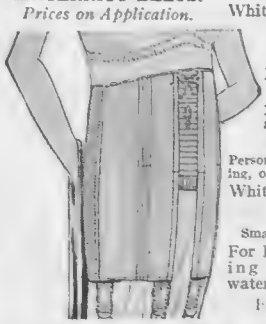
The illustration shows left breast supported and right unsupported. Only **JOUJOU** gives this correct improvement: must be worn day and night. **GUARDS** against **CANCER, TUMOUR, MASTITIS,** and relieves **PAIN** immediately.

AMPUTATION SPECIALITIES, PADS, ETC.

Regd. Design. Copyright Reserved.

WITHOUT & WITH.
Pink Silk or Net, detachable straps, From **47/6**
White Silk Material, From **32/6**

CORSETS, BELTS AND MATERNITY BELTS.
Prices on Application.



For Heavy, Full, Loose Figures or Maternity.
Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.
Personal fitting when calling, or send your order.
White, fine material, **15/6**
Small Figures only.
For Bathing or during Maternity, waterproof or rubber, From **25/6**

HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR AND SHOES.
Various prices for one's requirements and taste.
Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Free illustrated Circular.
If not satisfactory, money refunded in U.K. only on receipt of goods by return post. Personal fitting when calling, or send your order.
Post Free only in U.K. Obtainable only from—

"JOUJOU" Co. Dept. B. BX 314
32, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone - - - **WELBECK 1249**

Serving a population of over a million people.

THIS CHRISTMASTIDE PLEASE REMEMBER THE

Over 700 out-patient attendances daily. 405 beds

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.7

Its need is desperate!

MISS SMALLWOOD'S

Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances.

Under Royal Patronage.

WANTED— MONEY FOR COALS & CHRISTMAS GIFTS

In the approaching Festive Season of generous good will, when purse strings are loosened and hearts beat warm, will you please remember our poor ladies—over 200 of them?

Extra money and extra comforts are urgently needed to make this a very happy and cheerful Xmas for the aged, the sick, and the lonely.

Please make cheques and orders payable to:

Miss Smallwood's Society, Lancaster House, Malvern.

Missing Happiness by 10/-

AT Christmas, when so many homes are enjoying well-laid tables, thousands of poverty-stricken families—cold and hungry—are "going without." 10/- will provide a poor family with a parcel of good fare sufficient to last them over the Christmas period. The retail value is nearly 15/-, but, bought in large quantities, each parcel costs less.

£5 will make 10 families happy.

£10 will give 120 old folk or young children a real Christmas Dinner and Party.

Please bring happiness to some poor family by sending a gift NOW to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Sec., 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1. Cheques, etc., crossed "Barclays a/c Church Army."

THE CHURCH ARMY

CARRYING ON THE XMAS SPIRIT

Christmas with its kindliness and goodwill is a wonderful time for little children.

To work for the same happy spirit throughout the year is the aim of the N.S.P.C.C. All over the country it is enlightening ignorance, restraining cruelty, preventing neglect.

Support is constantly needed to relieve children's sufferings.

Please address William J. Elliott, Director, The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

Will you help by an Xmas Gift to

THE N.S.P.C.C.

WHAT OF HIS CHRISTMAS?

ALL the World over, the BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY will give Christmas hospitality to Sailors away from home and to the Widows and Orphans of those who gave their lives in the service of our Empire. Our Orphans at Farningham and the boys at the "Prince of Wales' Sea Training Hostel" will share. Lighthouse Keepers and Lightship Crews will be included.

NONE WILL BE FORGOTTEN.

H.M. THE KING:—"This Society throws open its doors to the Sailor, welcomes him with sympathy and brotherly love, and offers him in the various ports of the world a home where thrift and temperance are encouraged."

YOUR HELP is *urgently* needed. Please send a Christmas gift TO-DAY to Hon. Treasurer, SIR ERNEST W. GLOVER, BART.,

THE BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

680, Commercial Road, London, E.14. HERBERT E. BARKER, *Gen. Sec.*

THE BYSTANDER

INVERESK HOUSE, 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months including Double Nos.	Three months no extras.
AT HOME ..	£3 3s. 0d.	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
CANADA ..	£3 1s. 0d.	£1 10s. 6d.	15s. 3d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD ..	£3 7s. 6d.	£1 13s. 9d.	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER OF *The Bystander*, INVERESK HOUSE, 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

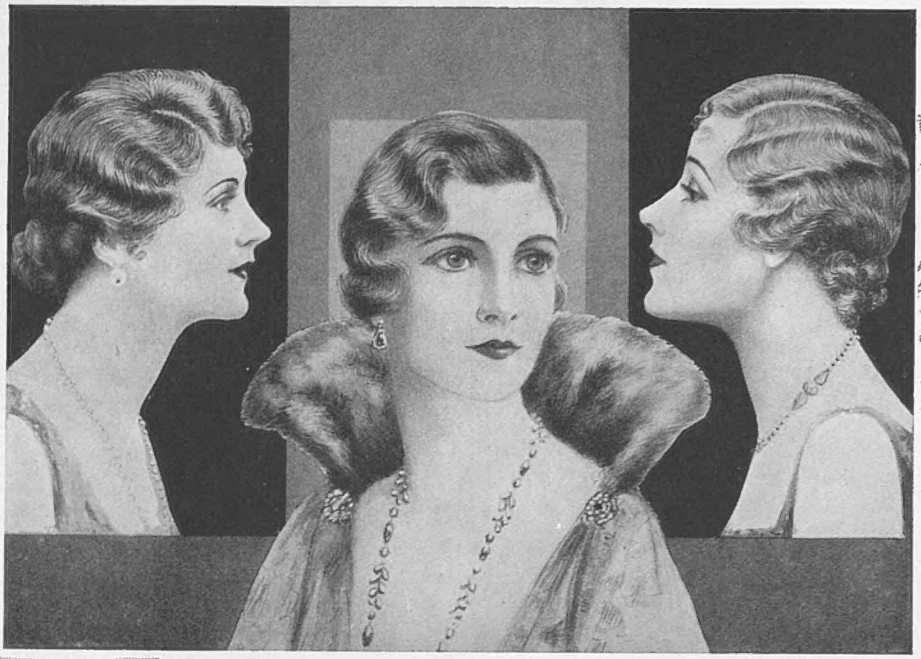
Please send me THE BYSTANDER *weekly for ..... months, commencing with the issue of .....*

for which I enclose .....

Name .....

Address .....

Date 1930



Your choice will provide you with the PERFECT COIFFURE.

The Triumph of Maison Georges

The World-famous "La Naturelle" Transformations - - - - Unsurpassed Permanent Waving by London's Leading Artistes.

Write for Catalogue de Luxe with details of the "Times" System of payment by instalments.

'Phone: VICTORIA 5944
Telegrams: TOUPETCHIC SOWEST LONDON

MAISON GEORGES 40, BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD. LONDON, S.W.1 *Only Address*

JELKS'

HIGH-GRADE SECOND HAND FURNITURE

W. Jelks & Sons great Furniture Galleries at Holloway Road can very aptly be called "Furniture Land," as they comprise a really colossal display of High Grade Second-hand Furniture spread over an enormous floor space.

Money laid out on superior, carefully selected, perfectly sound second-hand furniture such as you will see in Jelks & Sons' Showrooms, and in "Jelks' Bargain List," is money well spent.

£100,000
WORTH OF STOCK
800,000
Square feet of floor space

W. Jelks & Sons' picked high grade second-hand furniture will outlast three or more lots of cheap new goods. Have a home of comfort and stability.

CALL OR WRITE FOR BARGAIN BOOKLET.

Largest stock of new and second-hand Billiard and Billiard Dining Tables in London. Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

W. JELKS & SONS,
263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275,
HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.7.

Closed on Thursday at 1 p.m. Open all day Saturdays. Furniture Stored. Removal Estimates Free. (Ten minutes by Tube from Piccadilly.) Est. over 50 years.
'Phones: North 4007 (4 lines).

COUPON. POST NOW.

Please send me your Free Bargain List of High Grade Second-hand Furniture.

NAME.....
(Block letters)

ADDRESS.....

Bystander, Xmas No., 1930.....

RIDE FOR HEALTH!

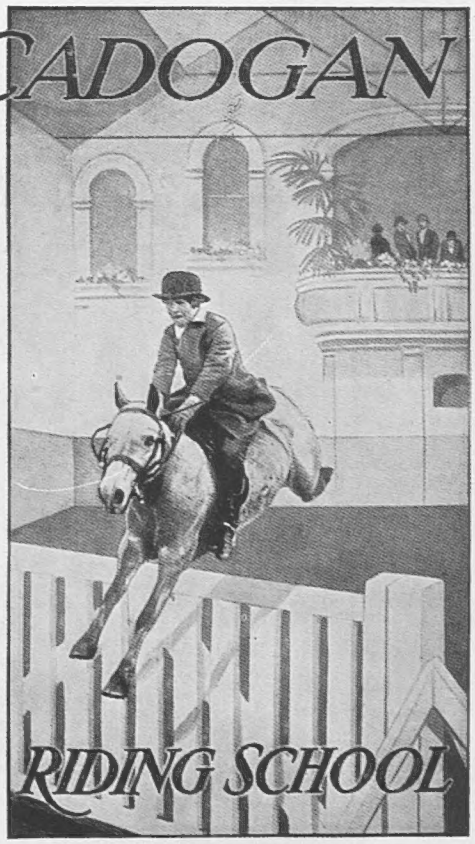
The CADOGAN

Equestrian Instruction BY QUALIFIED MASTERS

SPECIAL LESSONS for CHILDREN

HUNTERS FOR SALE OR HIRE

BRANCHES:
Holyport Hunting Stables, Maidenhead; High Wycombe and Richmond Park



W. J. SMITH LTD

Little Cadogan Place, Belgrave Square, S.W.1

Phone: Sloane 8201, 8202, 8203, 7722

BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

THE LAMP THAT LIGHTS THE EMPIRE

There is no lighting problem in your house if you use

ROYAL EDISWAN LAMPS

ASSOCIATED ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES LTD.

THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC Co. Ltd.,
123/5, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4
Branches in all the Principal Towns

L.68

VICKERY'S FOR XMAS GIFTS

A most useful GIFT

Fitted Bag for Motoring or Travelling. Red, Brown, Beige or Dark Blue Fine Morocco, nicely fitted and with lightning fastener. Only £7.7.0

Jewellery, Gold and Silver, Enamel, Hand Bags, Fine Leather Goods. Call or write for Catalogue.

J·C VICKERY
145 & 147 REGENT ST, LONDON, W.1.
By Appointment
Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King
Jeweller to H.M. the Queen
Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

MACFARLANE LANG'S
GENUINE SCOTCH SHORTBREAD.

Over 100 Years Baking Experience.

2/3 PER TIN

FORFAR SHORTBREAD
Thick Scotch Shortbread in finger shape.

2/3 PER TIN

ASSORTED SHORTBREAD
Dainty pieces of thick, plain and thin sugared shortbread, various shapes.

Obtainable from all Stores and High-Class Grocers.
(Also NEW YORK. R. H. MACEY & Co. Inc.)

LET IT PASS....

...IT'S AN ALVIS

A 159

ALVIS CAR AND ENGINEERING COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY, ENGLAND

London Distributors: HENLYS LTD., PICCADILLY and EUSTON ROAD, N.W.

FOOT'S Adjustable REST CHAIRS

THE "BURLINGTON."

SIMPLY press the button and the back declines, or automatically rises, to any position desired by the occupant. Release the button and the back is locked.

The arms open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and can be used as a footstool. When not in use it slides under the seat.

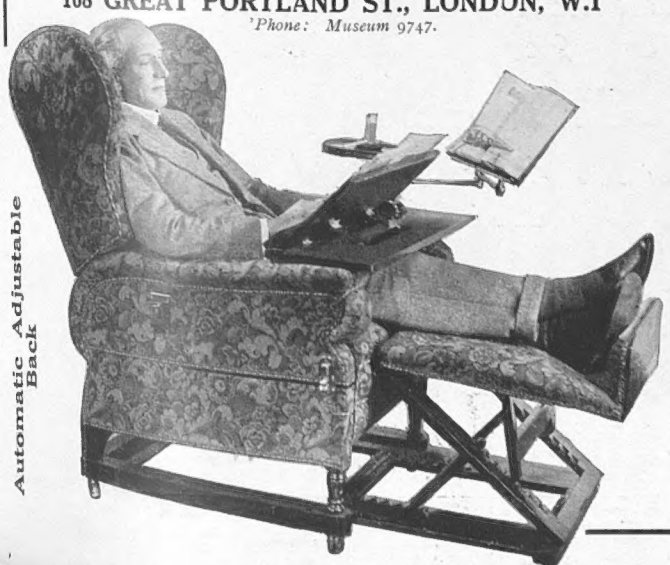
The Reading Desk and Side Tray are adjustable and removable. The only chair combining these conveniences, or that is so easily adjusted. The Upholstery is exceptionally deep, with spring elastic edges.

Would not one of these chairs add considerably to the enjoyment of your relaxation and rest?

Catalogue C22 of Adjustable Chairs, Free.

168 GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1

'Phone: Museum 9747.



Automatic Adjustable Back

CLUB "COLOURS"

Uncreasable Weave.

We hold, probably, the largest range of University, School, Club, and Regimental Colours in stock.

SILK TIES

Our special Pure Dye Reppe Weave, 5/6 each.

Our Uncreasable Weave, Price 6/6 each.

NOTE.—We have now produced Royal Artillery Ties in our Uncreasable Weave Silk, Price 7/6 each.

Squares, Scarves, Sweaters, Hand-Embroidered Badges, Tobacco Pouches, etc.

T. M. Lewin

T. M. LEWIN
T. LEWIN } SONS
G. J. LEWIN }

(ONLY ADDRESS)

39, PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET, S.W.1

Established 1898.

By Special Request

—ROWNTREE'S for Christmas

ROWNTREE'S — because they are the prettiest boxes; Rowntree's — because they are the nicest chocolates; Rowntree's — because when you buy weight-marked fancy boxes of 1-lb. or over of the famous York and Florentine assortments, you pay only the price of the chocolates inside (4/- per lb.) and nothing extra for the beautiful box.

ROWNTREE'S
YORK & FLORENTINE
CHOCOLATES
in lots of lovely boxes

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at Ilfveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—November 28, 1930.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.